

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



Princess de la Trinité. Queen-Dowager of Italy (Godmother).

THE BAPTISM OF PRINCESS YOLANDA OF ITALY ON JUNE 15 AT THE QUIRINAL.

DRAWN BY MR. G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I continue to receive suggestions from people who, because they disapprove of a war which we did not begin, would give the enemy every opportunity of prolonging it. I gather that the proper moral conduct of such a war, supposing that it can have any morality whatever, is to take care that the enemy shall have plenty of supplies, to leave his flocks and herds and agricultural produce untouched, never to burn his house, even if he uses it as an arsenal; to let him return to the bosom of his family when he is so disposed, and collect any useful information about us that his wife may have picked up; above all, never to remove his family from the homestead to some place where they cannot provide him with rest and refreshment when the commando becomes a trifle irksome. Conducted on this plan, the war would still be wrong, of course; but it would not so greatly harass the feelings of the Parliamentary oracle who tells us that the precedents of the American Civil War must be set aside, because civilisation has made some progress since Sherman devastated Georgia and expelled the non-combatant population.

The Boers, no doubt, would have been charmed if we had adopted these ethical counsels. An arrangement by which the maximum of loss and hardship was inflicted on us, and the minimum on them, would have suited them admirably. It would have confirmed their contemptuous belief in our mental paralysis—a belief that led one of their vigorous spokesmen to describe us as "chloroformed by cant and sickly sentimentality." If we were truly in that state, this war might go on for ever, or until we were forced to practise the kind of "magnanimity" which sentimentalists expect a great Power to show to a little one, irrespective of the merits of the quarrel. As we do not choose to play this game, and so destroy our position in the scale of nations, there is much wrath about our "barbarism" and "inhumanity"; and two honourable paladins, who were made prisoners, and released on taking the oath of neutrality, show their exquisite sense of that obligation by traducing us in Berlin under the patronage of Professor Mommsen. At home we are told by people who have made civilisation their exclusive property that to keep the Boer women and children in refugee camps is inhuman, because in one camp there is a destructive epidemic of measles, and in others there is a lamentable mortality.

For the sufferings of the women and children there is a sincere pity which is not the monopoly of Mr. Stead and his allies. Pity naturally demands an assurance that everything is done in such a case to mitigate a lot so grievous. As Lord Kitchener is now acclaimed by the sudden enlightenment of censors who used to call him "butcher," as the most generous and humane of commanders, it is fair to assume that all the care is taken that his authority and supervision can ensure. The task of feeding, sheltering, and doctoring from forty to sixty thousand refugees is not a light one, and it is conceivable that the natural difficulties are augmented by red tape, which somebody has defined as the worm that dieth not. I can sympathise with a sober and practical zeal for the reinforcing of the official staff by volunteer nursing, and by the supply of necessities beyond the military rations. But the zeal that accuses us of violating the usages of civilised warfare is not sober. Its object is to weaken the resolve of the nation that the war shall end only by the complete subjugation of a stubborn enemy, and not by some feeble compromise which will keep alive his faith in the independence that Mr. Kruger recklessly threw away.

When there was an outcry about the Boer prisoners at Ahmednagar (where, by the way, the martyrs are cheerfully playing cricket with the garrison), I suggested that the quartering of prisoners of war should be judged like any other administrative business. There is no need to invoke the principles of civilisation, the archangels, and the other intimate friends of Mr. Stead. All you have to do is to consider whether the authorities have made wise provision for the plain necessities of the case. The administration of the refugee camps raises this issue and no other. If it can be shown that the responsible officials have not done all in their power for the women and children thrown upon their hands by the military policy of the Boers, then let us have sane criticism of shortcomings. But to use the pathos of these poor creatures, whose hardships are prolonged by the infatuation of their kinsmen, as a weapon against the good name of England, is a policy that should be left to amiable foreigners like Professor Mommsen, who desire nothing except our humiliation. The tender hearts which call upon us to stop the war for the sake of the women and children are careful not to address this appeal to Mr. Kruger.

I wonder what is thought in Holland of Mr. Van Kretschmar? He was managing director of the Netherlands Railway, and he compiled some historical documents in the shape of letters and a diary. Very anxious indeed was Mr. Van Kretschmar to see the overthrow of our supremacy in South Africa. "The fall of England," he wrote in a burst of inspiration, "would be the crown of the nineteenth century." It is sad to think that the

nineteenth century was crowned instead by the collapse of Mr. Van Kretschmar's ambition to establish a "Greater Holland." His fellow-directors at Amsterdam shared his beautiful dream, and the pangs of the awakening. This goes far to explain the irritation of that pleasant city against the brutal English. If the "Greater Holland" had come to birth, it would have been administered. I presume, on the principles of Krugerism, which wear their unblushing honours in the Report of the Transvaal Concessions Commission. This discloses in illuminating detail the system of finance by which, in the teeth of the public interest, monopolies were upheld for the personal profit of Mr. Kruger and his friends. The Boer Executive was bribed, the Legislature was bribed, and the estimable Leyds did not go unrewarded. These things are no longer matters of controversy—they are put by the Commission beyond dispute. Some people have fondly imagined that Mr. Kruger's system would not have survived him; but it is clear that the most thoughtful provision had been made for its perpetuation in the rotten Republic for which so many gallant burghers have shed their blood.

I never met Robert Buchanan but once, and all he said was, in a minatory tone, "Good day to you, Sir!" I felt this to be an impressive warning, as who should say, "Be careful, Sir; my eye is on you." It was on so many persons that I might have been flattered by its attention, but for the memory of a more serious encounter. Many years before, I had the misfortune to convey to Mr. Buchanan's mind the impression that I had grossly libelled him. One of his dramatic adaptations from Fielding seemed to me a poor piece of work, and he was pleased to construe what I wrote on the subject in an unsigned article as a direct attack on his moral character. There is not the smallest doubt that he held this belief quite sincerely, and regarded the writer of the article as one of the infamous conspirators who sought to destroy him. At that time I did not know that there was a plot against Mr. Buchanan, and that I had been chosen by lot to plant a stiletto in his back. Indeed, his peculiar view of hostile criticism was so little appreciated by the eminent firm of solicitors to whom my editor submitted the case, that they said, "There is no libel here, and we have no doubt that if your critic will write a frank, straightforward letter to Mr. Buchanan, the whole misunderstanding will be cleared up."

Innocent firm of solicitors! I have often wondered since whether they conducted all their business on that Arcadian plan. Down I sat to the composition of that frank, straightforward letter. I assured Mr. Buchanan that the unlucky article had no personal animus, that it was concerned with his art, not with his morals, that other articles of mine, which I quoted, showed my esteem for some of his dramatic work. His answer was electrifying. It began: "So I have found you, Sir, at last!" It pulverised my frankness, and smote my straightforwardness with scorn. I learned that I was a desperado whose mean attempt to escape from avenging justice by cajoling the avenger should be exposed to the sight of gods and men, and especially of twelve men in a box. When this epistle was shown to the eminent firm of solicitors, they seemed pained. I suppose they had expected Mr. Buchanan to ask me to dinner, and fall on my neck. They gazed pensively at rows of tin boxes, as if these contained proofs of the forgiving spirit which was their guiding star. Then they talked lightly of damages, and suggested a financial settlement out of court. The avenger was appeased out of court, and so gods and men never saw the struggles of my frankness and straightforwardness in the clutches of Mr. Buchanan's infuriated moral character. "With no obvious inspiration from on high," as Mr. Herbert Paul says of Sterne in one of his admirable essays ("Men and Letters"), Buchanan was a brilliant man, who squandered his intellect. The piece of it he expended on me might have made a volume!

Has any historian of the Navy done justice to the reform that relieved naval officers from the obligation of shaving? In 1869, when Mr. Childers was First Lord of the Admiralty, and reforming zeal blew like a gale through the public service, he was urged to save for the defences of the nation the nervous tissue expended by naval officers in the use of the razor at sea. They were required by the Admiralty regulations to be clean-shaven, except as to a trifle of whisker; and before a bit of looking-glass, in a rolling sea, they bled every morning for their country. Mr. Childers was begged to let the Navy have a beard. He laid the proposition before the Board of Admiralty, and it was rejected with indignation. Old Sea Lords declared that, without shaving, discipline could not be sustained. Neptune might wear a beard, but the British Navy never! The First Lord was not daunted, and the matter was submitted to the Queen. Her Majesty had no liking for the change, and was disposed to stand out for a compromise—a bearded chin and a clean-shaven upper lip. On reflection, she admitted that this would not dispose of the inconvenient razor when a ship was dancing on beam ends. It was stipulated in the royal memorandum that a moustache should never be worn without a beard. So any naval lieutenant, who might have been willing to exhibit a dimpled chin at any cost, was compelled to veil it for evermore.

## PARLIAMENT.

On a motion by Mr. Lloyd-George for the adjournment of the House, there was an important debate in the Commons on the treatment of Boer women and children in the refugee camps. Mr. Brodrick had stated that the deaths in the Transvaal camps in May numbered 39 men, 47 women, and 250 children. There had been an epidemic of measles, which carried off 68 children in the Johannesburg camp. The figures included natives. Mr. Lloyd-George attacked the camp system and the military clearance of the country which had made the concentration of refugees necessary. Mr. Brodrick replied that the military authorities had to choose between the task of feeding and sheltering some sixty thousand women and children, and leaving the Boer families to make their homesteads depôts of arms and provisions for the fighting burghers. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman maintained that the Government policy was ineffectual even for its own purposes, and that the hardships of the Boer families were likely to stiffen rather than to weaken the resistance.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

REJANE AS "SAPHO," AT THE CORONET.

"Sapho," the five-act comedy founded on Daudet's notorious romance by the novelist and by M. Belot, makes an interesting but a rather thin play. It omits some scenes, telescopes others, places others in a different setting, and it is insufficiently suffused with the "hothouse" atmosphere of the original work. But it sets forth the main story adroitly enough, and it furnishes Madame Réjane, now playing at the Coronet Theatre, with one of her most striking and most intimate impersonations. Happily for the prospects of the play, the famous French actress makes herself thoroughly and frankly at home in the character of Fanny Legrand. The seductive sweetness, the time-defying youthfulness, the superficial refinement which Alphonse Daudet ascribed to his heroine of thirty-seven summers, and which Jane Hading realised so easily, Madame Réjane makes no attempt to depict.

"THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

Not even Messrs. Tanner and Nicholls' singularly inconsequent libretto prevents the "The Toreador" from charming both eye and ear, or providing three hours' continuous amusement. For Mr. Edwards scarcely relies on the stories of his Gaiety extravaganzas, and only requires for his chief performers suitable opportunities for song and fun and dance. Now, this demand his authors have certainly fulfilled; the mere spectacle, for instance, of that droll if overweighted little Cockney comedian, Mr. Payne, as a fêted toreador, expected to share in a Carlist plot and a bull-fight, is instantly provocative of laughter. But the all-important essential of a musical comedy is a constant succession of agreeable sounds, brisk movements, and changing colours, and of these "The Toreador" is quite exceptionally lavish. Flower-girls give place to bridesmaids, Spanish townsfolk to matadors—all in superbly picturesque costumes; elaborate stage-settings vary between Biarritz and Villaya. Gay refrains are poured out by Messrs. Caryl and Monckton in embarrassing profusion; smart ditties are rendered by quite a crowd of clever and attractive girls.

THE JAPANESE PLAYS AND PLAYERS AT THE CRITERION.

Impressions of total novelty and bewildering incongruity—such must be produced by the Japanese plays and players now presented by Mr. Saunders at the Criterion Theatre. Dresses and scenery still fairly strange, customs and etiquette still curious, motives of action and expressions of emotion quite extraordinary—these things are sure to interest. At the same time the Western spectator is bound to remark a disconcerting employment of quaint gesture, naïve pantomime, grotesque realism, a baffling insertion of dance and farce into would-be romance. So that, while his eye, and his intellect maybe, are engaged, his sense of humour is inevitably tickled. Not so much, perhaps, in Mr. Otojiro Kawakami's own brief little play, wherein, as a jealous geisha, the singularly restrained and charming actress, Madame Sada Yacco, performs various dances with extreme grace, and is responsible for a touching death scene worthy of a—well, Japanese Bernhard; but certainly in the second piece, "Kesa," the knight's farcical battles with brigands, and his feminine adornment of his person before meeting his sweetheart, arouse the audience's risible faculties; and a proof of Kawakami's ease and intelligence is his overcoming successfully these difficulties. Londoners, indeed, may be diverted, but they will assuredly be impressed by their Oriental visitors.

"THE LYONS MAIL" REVIVED AT THE LYCEUM.

The successful revival of "Madame Sans-Gêne," rendered the more piquant just now because it is possible to witness and to compare the rival renderings of Miss Ellen Terry and Madame Réjane, was interrupted at the Lyceum one night this week—that of Wednesday—to enable Sir Henry Irving to represent the most astonishing *tour de force* in his histrionic repertoire—his doubling of the parts of Lesurques and Dubosc in "The Lyons Mail." The character of the innocent Lesurques calls for little effort save by way of contrast, but Henry Irving's portrayal of the reckless, fiendish, yet grimly humorous Dubosc is the most superb example of his more lurid, bizarre, and flamboyant style of acting.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S MATINEE AT THE COMEDY.

A pleasing but commonplace programme was that offered by the Stage Society last Monday afternoon, though a programme consisting of two new plays. The first was a one-act drama written by Miss Alma-Tadema, entitled "The Unseen Helmsman," and acted by Miss Edyth Olive and Miss Joan Burnett; but the piece, though serious, symbolistic, and poetic, is composed in a stilted jargon, and is provided with an emotional situation obviously artificial and melodramatically developed through long tirades of rhetoric. The second play, Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's "Windmills" was merely a rollicking topsy-turvy farce, thin in its humour, conventional in characterisation, but naively entertaining, because of one delightfully fantastic creation—a Socialist-mad Baronet, played by Mr. A. G. George with the incisiveness, if not the delicacy, of Mr. Hare's best comedy method.



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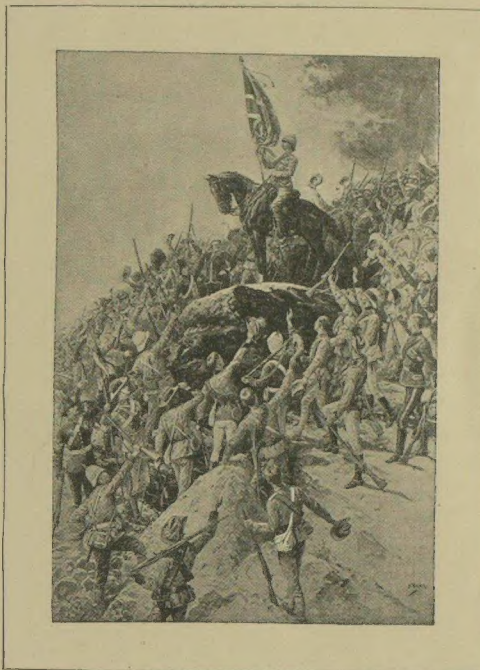
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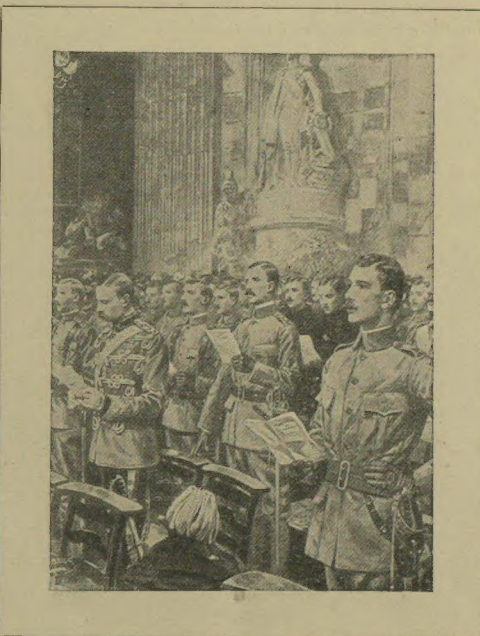
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Lionel J. Trotter. (Blackwood. 6s.)

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Catherine of Calais. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

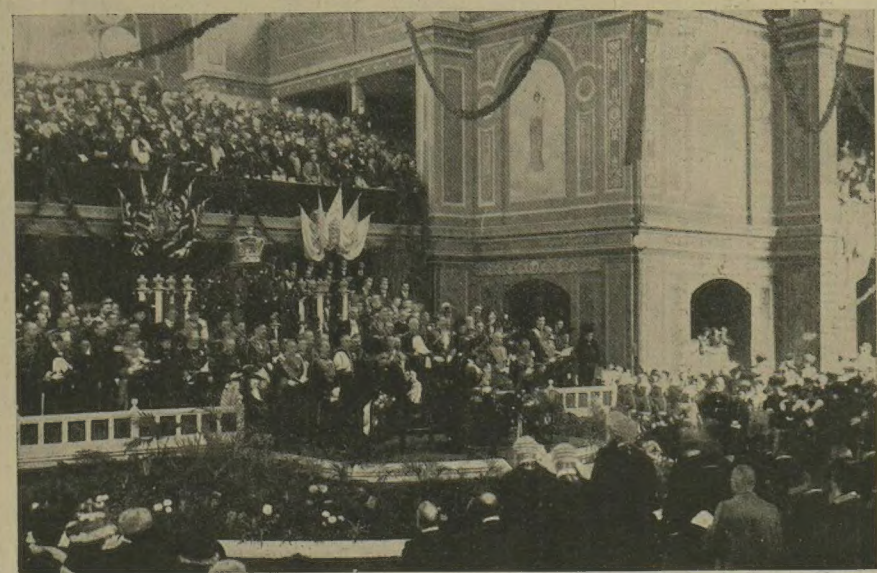
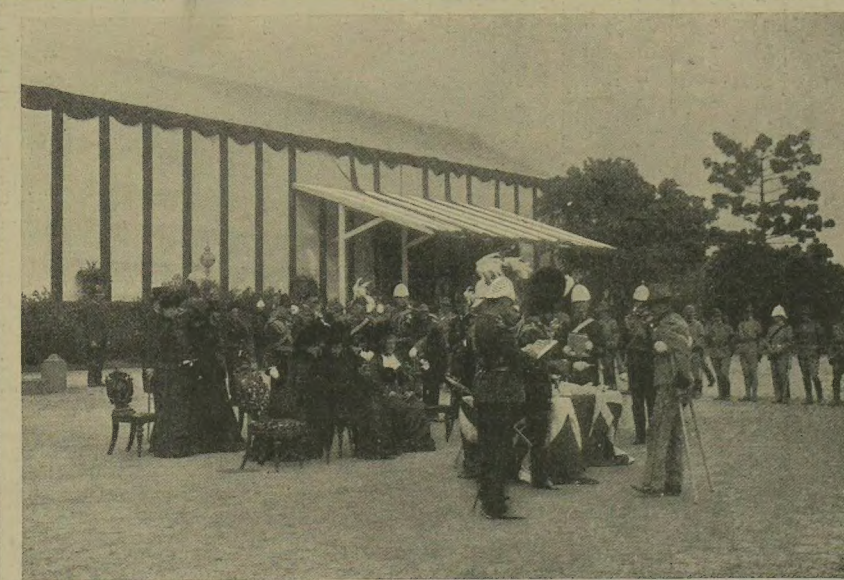




THE CONTROVERSY AS TO THE DECLINE OF LONDON TRADE: THE POOL OF LONDON.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VICAT COLE, R.A.





THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO SOUTH AFRICAN SOLDIERS AT BALLARAT.  
THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK OPENING THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT, MELBOURNE.

AN INVALID PRIVATE RECEIVING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDAL AT MELBOURNE.  
THE ROYAL CARRIAGE IN STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT MELBOURNE AND BALLARAT.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ROYAL PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS.

In spite of a threatening morning, King's weather prevailed on June 12, when King Edward presented the South African War medals at the Horse Guards' Parade to some three thousand officers and men. On the parade a dais had been erected for the use of his Majesty, and over it was spread a cashmere canopy, or shimiana, used by the King when Prince of Wales on his Indian tour. Distinguished visitors viewed the ceremony from stands, and a very large concourse of people occupied the available standing room. At ten minutes to eleven their Majesties drove up in an open carriage, the King wearing Field-Marshal's uniform and the insignia of the Garter. The Sovereign and Queen Alexandra were accompanied by Princess Victoria, and the royal party was received with a general salute from the troops and with the National Anthem. At the moment of their arrival the Royal Standard was run up on a staff near the dais, and a great burst of cheering greeted their Majesties. Proceedings began immediately. Lord Roberts, advancing to the dais, received his medal, and made way for Lord Milner, who in turn was followed by Sir Godfrey Lagden. Thereafter came a crowd of eminent soldiers, among whom were General Sir Redvers Buller and General Ian Hamilton. Officers below the rank of Major-General followed in alphabetical order, and then the rank and file advanced to receive their decoration. The ceremony ended a few minutes after one o'clock, and their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Victoria, drove back to Marlborough House. His Majesty's labours could not have been said to be light, seeing that they lasted for two hours and ten minutes, during which he had handed medals to 3200 officers and men.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE "OPHIR."

The day after the Duke of Cornwall and York opened, on May 9, the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia in the Exhibition Building of Melbourne, he held a great review of some 15,000 soldiers and sailors. The fêtes of friendly and trade societies, and of the children of State schools were very successful affairs, and the royal travellers had a repetition of the popular enthusiasm when they reached Ballarat. There the foundation-stone of a memorial to the fallen in South Africa was laid, and prizes were presented to boys of the public schools. The programme arranged for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's New Zealand tour timed their arrival at Lyttelton, New Zealand, for June 22. At Rotorua another hearty welcome was accorded, and this time by the Maoris. The chief points of interest in the locality, including the boiling mud-pools, were duly visited. Most interesting spectacle of all was that of the dances of welcome and the war-dances. The arrival of the *Ophir* in anchorage off Wellington on June 17 was well timed for the public landing and reception on the following day—Waterloo Day.

## THE ROYAL CHRISTENING AT ROME.

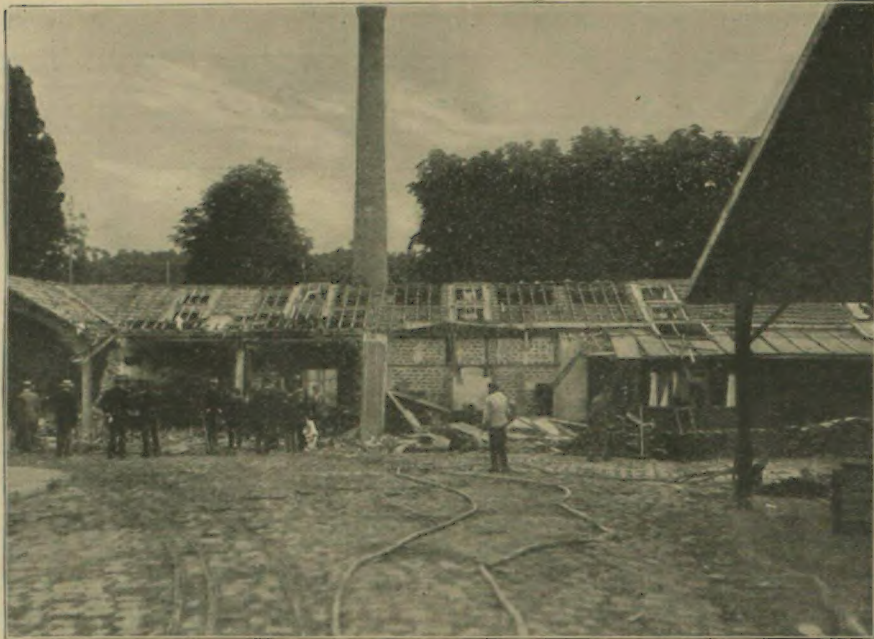
The Princess Yolanda, child of the King and Queen of Italy, was christened at the Quirinal at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 15. The King and his mother, Queen Margherita, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of Montenegro, and all the Princes of the royal family attended in State. There were also present the grand State and Court dignitaries. The weather was showery, but in spite of the rain, one thousand school-children went in procession to the Quirinal to deposit gifts of flowers at the gate of the Palace.

## THE MAD MULLAH.

Our Illustrations of Somaliland appear almost contemporaneously with the news that good progress has been made against the Mad Mullah in the Somaliland Protectorate. Against his chief stronghold at Yabel on June 2 Colonel Swayne marched, and succeeded in capturing a large quantity of the enemy's live-stock. The Mad Mullah himself led an assault on the three hundred men, chiefly native levies, left in the zariba at Somali, inflicting small losses at the cost, on his own part, of several hundred lives.

## WAR-DOGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Full of interest as the martial exhibition at the Crystal Palace undoubtedly is, the palm of novelty may be awarded to Major Richardson's war-dog trials. This active officer has studied the matter deeply, and finds the value of dogs for military



SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT ISSY ON JUNE 14.

Photo. André Bore.

purposes is recognised far more in Germany, France, Russia, Austria, and Turkey than by the British War Office. His investigations teach him that while France favours cross-bred smugglers' dogs; Russia, dogs from

£33,000 which the sale realised. The catalogue of the sale, a marvel of fine printing, accurate and scholarly description, and well-executed illustrations, is one of the best that Messrs. Sotheby have published.

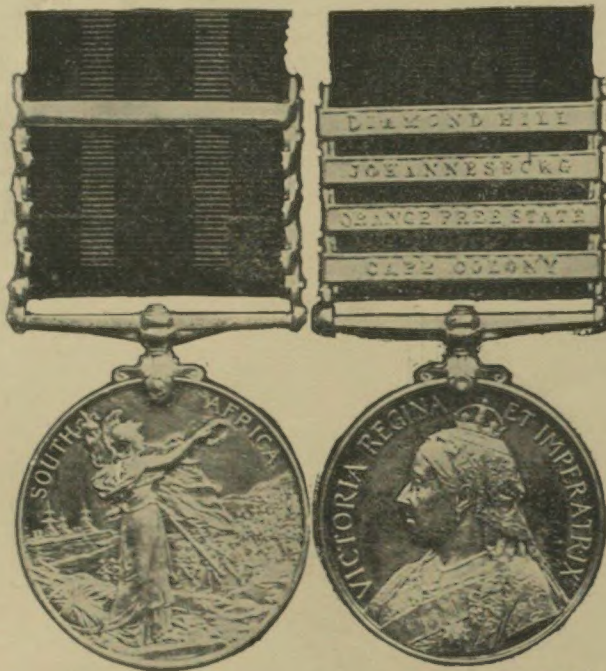


Photo. Russell.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE KING ON JUNE 12—REVERSE AND OVERSE.

the Caucasus; Austria, Dalmatians; and Turkey, Asiatic sheep-dogs; Germany inclines to collies, pointers, and Airedales. Major Richardson approves the choice of Germany. In his opinion, black collies would be most

suitable for infantry, but a dog with a greater turn of speed would be desirable for use with cavalry. The Major's practical demonstrations of the serviceableness of the war-dog for many duties cannot but yield good results.

## THE EXPLOSION AT ISSY.

The Gevelot Cartridge Factory, in the Issy suburb of Paris, blew up on Friday last week, killing outright four men and ten women who were loading cartridges. The explosion injured nineteen men in other parts of the factory, three of whom have since died. The cause of the catastrophe is alleged to be the careless handling of gunpowder.

## THE ASHBURNHAM SALE.

On Friday, June 14, the remarkable sale of the Ashburnham Library was concluded at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's rooms. The collection, which was formed by the dissolution of other collections by M. Barrois, is certainly one of the most extraordinary literary properties of the time; and great as it is, it is itself only a part, as there have already been three great Ashburnham dispersals. One of the largest buyers on this occasion was Mr. Quaritch, who has spent over £14,000 on illuminated manuscripts and other works out of the total of about

## INTERNATIONAL ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

At the Steinway Hall last Saturday night took place the most elaborate display of fencing lately seen in England. It was organised by Mr. Newton Robinson and some other well-known fencers, and had the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Stanley, M.P. (who presided), Mr. Balfour, and others. In the absence of Mr. Egerton Castle, the duties of Director of Assaults were undertaken by Mr. Theodore A. Cook. Italian and French fencers made an excellent show. Professors Morel and Fontaine, of the London Fencing Club, sustained their fame, and were followed by Professor Félix Bertrand and Signor Roberto Raggetti.

## RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

The Richmond Horse Show on Friday and Saturday last week brought even more than its customary crowd. The Duke of Teck, the President, came with the Duchess on both days; and the other visitors included the Duke of Cambridge. On Saturday, the great day, the hunters were judged in four classes: Mr. J. Drage taking the first and second prize in the novice division; Messrs. Mason and Brown and Mr. Stokes in the horses under fourteen stone; and Mr. Paton and Mr. Drage in those of higher weight. Mr. Corry's Gendarme and St. Asaph secured the honours among the championship candidates. The driving displays were by no means the least attractive feature of the show. The Russian manner excited keen interest, and so did the American, Mr. Winans himself in each instance handling the reins.

## ACCIDENT TO THE "CONSTITUTION."

America has plenty of inducements to keep the America Cup, but the "lifting" of it by Sir Thomas Lipton, K.C.V.O., would be as little unpopular as a defeat could possibly be to a nation keen in its instincts of sport. The defender of last year, *Columbia*, is again proudly floating in American waters, where the *Constitution* is in friendly competition. The challenged party has the advantage of an open choice as to its defending boat up to almost the eve of the contest, whereas the challenger must be duly entered and described long in advance. The *Constitution*, built for this race by a syndicate, has already had one contest with *Shamrock II.*—they have vied with each other as to which shall suffer most damage by random blasts. Where Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht led, the *Constitution* has generously followed. *Constitution* is, however, already repaired, and the choice between it and the *Columbia* will really turn on the actual merits of the boats disclosed by trial races. If these yachts compete in a race across the Atlantic they will be joined by *Independence*, which cannot enter for the Cup race because Mr. Lawson, its owner, is not a member of the New York Yacht Club. Our illustration emphasises the similarity between the accidents.

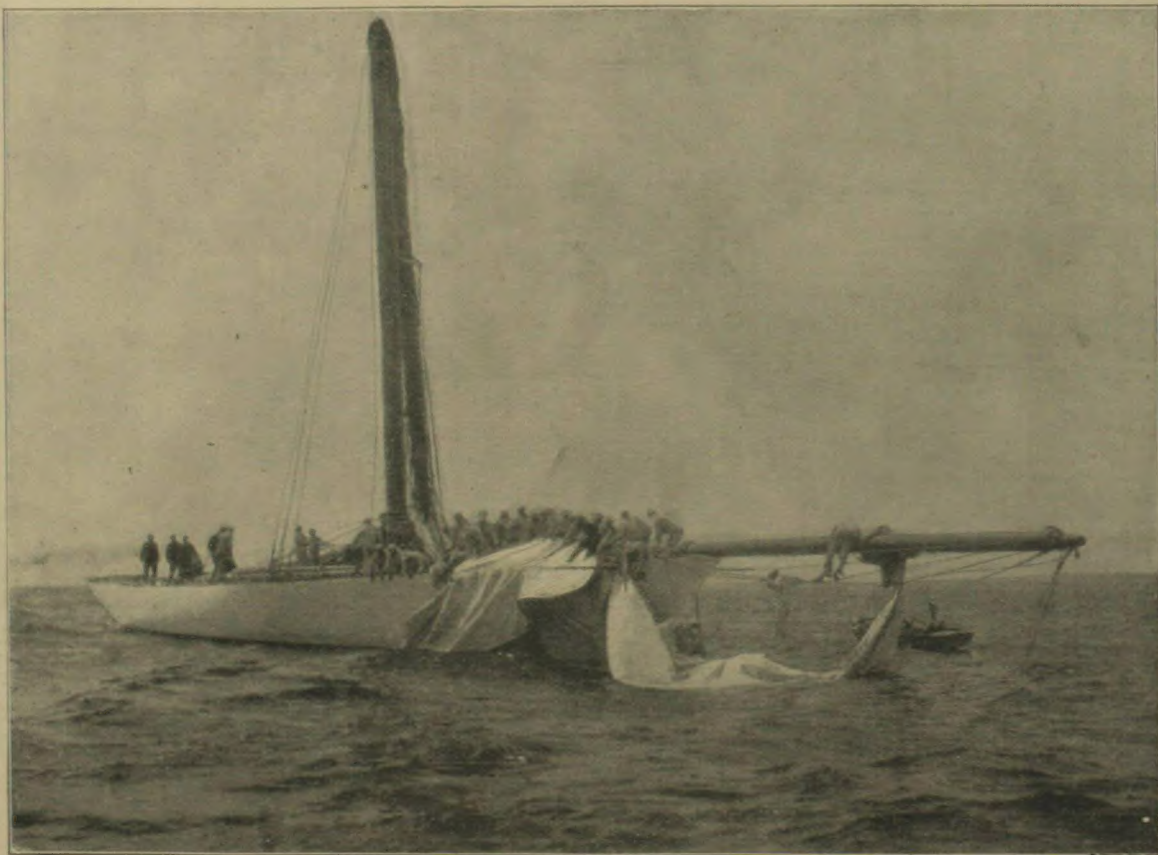


Photo. J. Burton, New York.

THE AMERICA CUP DEFENDER "CONSTITUTION," AFTER THE ACCIDENT SIMILAR TO THAT SUSTAINED BY "SHAMROCK II."



## PERSONAL.

On Saturday the King held a Council, and granted several audiences, notably to Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Selborne. On Monday his Majesty presented the South African medal to certain officers who were unable to take part in the great function held on the previous Wednesday. The ceremony took place in the grand saloon of Marlborough House, the Queen, attended by the Mistress of the Robes, being present; and among the recipients were Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Dundonald, Lord Erroll, Lord C. C. Bentinck, Lord Howard de Walden, and Lord Athlumney. In the afternoon of the same day their Majesties, accompanied by the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, left for Sandringham. King Edward has selected the cypher or monogram which is in future to be engraved on all military badges and devices. The monogram will consist of "E." and "R." entwined with "VII.," embossed in the lower loop of the "E."; the crown surmounting the whole is that known as the Henry VII., or "Tudor" crown.

The King has given sittings for his coin—the duty which was fulfilled by Queen Victoria also in the first months of her new reign, when she was sitting to Leslie for her "First Council."

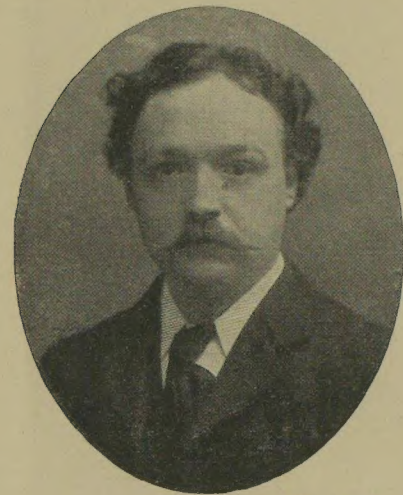


Photo. Russell.

MR. G. W. DE SAULLES,  
The Designer of the New Coinage.

The coins of the Victorian reign were poor enough at that time; they did not become positively bad until its close. We must hope for better things now, although few of us know enough of the artist to have any very definite expectations. It is Mr. G. W. de Saulles to whom our national artistic credit in the exchange of the

world's gold is entrusted; and the Government, we know, has already announced that the responsibility for the results does not lie with it.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to New Zealand has greatly delighted the Maoris. They gave a picturesque exhibition of native arts, and the Duchess was so much impressed that she has been wearing Maori mats and feathers. Is this an omen of London fashions next season?

The number of De Wets is bewildering. One of them, Andreas De Wet, has been making a tour in Austria, accompanied by a German doctor named Vallentin. They are telling Austrian audiences that thirty per cent. of the Boer women and children have been ill-treated, that the Boer women in the refugee camps are dying by hundreds, and that the British have armed 25,000 Kaffirs to plunder the Boer homesteads. This De Wet and his companion are evidently agents of the Boer organisation in Europe, and the shameless effrontery of their lies suggests that their employers are getting desperate.

Sergeant W. Firth, 1st Battalion West Riding Regiment, is the latest non-commissioned officer on whom the King has announced his intention of conferring the Victoria Cross. During the action at Ploverman's Farm, near Arundel, Cape Colony, in the February of 1900, Sergeant Firth picked up a comrade, Corporal Blackman, who was wounded and exposed to fire, and carried him to cover. Later in the day, when the enemy had advanced within a short distance of the firing-line, Sergeant Firth carried Second Lieutenant

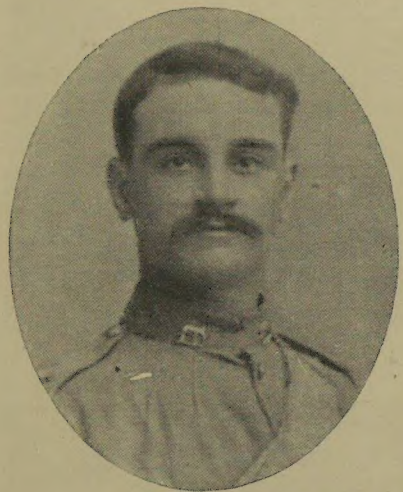


Photo. R. W. Elliot.

SERGEANT W. FIRTH,  
Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry near Arundel.

Lieutenant Wilson, dangerously wounded and lying in a most exposed position, to a place of shelter, being himself shot through the nose and eye while performing this heroic act of duty.

The report of the Select Committee of inquiry into the administration of the War Office has condemned that institution root and branch. It may be fairly said to describe the War Office as a department specially constructed for the mismanagement of public business. The Committee make some drastic suggestions of reform. One of them is the suppression of the practice of making officers write a thousand letters when one is sufficient. Another reform is the establishment of a Board composed of the heads of War Office branches, who, by consulting together, may acquire the habit of acting in unison instead of at sixes and sevens.

Mrs. Botha has had an interview with Mr. Kruger, and there are many rumours as to its character and probable results. No reliance can be placed on any of them, but there appears to be a struggle going on between the war party and the peace party in the councils of the Boers both in South Africa and Europe.

The Rev. H. B. Kendall, B.A., under whose presidency the Primitive Methodist Conference has been held in the Nether Chapel, Sheffield, was born in Wakefield in August 1844, and has been in the ministry for thirty-seven years. As a circuit minister he laboured in some of the most important towns in the North of England, and has held for six years the Principalship of East Keswick College. His literary activities have been considerable. For nine years he has held the post of Connexional Editor; and he owns to the authorship of a popular "History of Primitive Methodism" and a "Handbook of Primitive Methodist Policy."

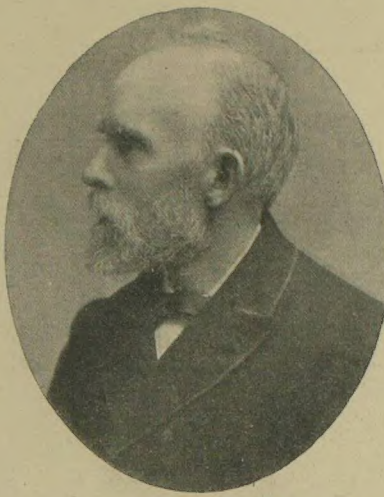


Photo. Killyck.

THE REV. H. B. KENDALL,  
President of the Methodist Conference.

There seems to be a notion that the military censor in South Africa takes all moral responsibility for the telegrams sent home. It is no part of his business to verify any statement by a correspondent. All he has to do is to prevent the transmission of information that may be useful to the enemy. In the Philippines the American military censor appears to have taken a wider view of his duties. It is asserted by a writer in the *Forum* that General MacArthur for some time refused to pass any telegrams that did not present the military situation in a most favourable light. Not only that, but he claimed the right of refusing to allow telegrams from America to be delivered to newspaper correspondents when he thought the messages improper.

Miss Agnes Weston, on whom Glasgow University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, has one title by which she will always be best known—that of "The Sailor's Friend."



Photo. Russell.

MISS AGNES WESTON,  
Created Doctor of Laws, Glasgow University.

This lady was London born, and her father was a barrister-at-law. From very early years she evinced a warm interest in those whose traffic is with the seas, and her great work as the founder of the Sailors' Homes at Portsmouth and Devonport is well known. Miss Weston has done very valuable service to the cause of the sailor, and her work is by no means yet over. Bluejackets all over the world regard her as their best friend.

Two beautiful stained-glass windows have been inserted in Wortley Parish Church, Leeds, to the memory of the Rev. Charles Robinson, who was murdered at Peking exactly a year ago. Mr. Robinson was brought up in the parish of Wortley, and was a scholar and devoted teacher at the Sunday school. At an early age he attached himself to the North China Mission, and was only twenty-five at the time of his death.

The matrimonial drama in Earl Russell's career has entered upon a new stage. He is charged with bigamy, in consequence of his second marriage after the American divorce. Should the case be sent for trial, Earl Russell will appear before a special court of the House of Lords.

General Edward Locke Elliot, who during the recent combats with De Wet has been himself to the fore, and who the other day sent reinforcements to Colonel Sladen just in the nick of time, is already a Commander of the Bath, and holds the Distinguished Service Order. He was summoned to South Africa from India, where he was Inspector-General of Cavalry. "The beau-ideal of a light cavalry leader, with a frame all wire and whipcord," is the description of him given by one of his friends. He was accounted the best gentleman rider on the Indian Turf, and was considered second to none at steeple-chasing and pig-sticking.



Photo. Molkenstetter, India.

GENERAL E. L. ELLIOT,  
De Wet's Antagonist on June 6.

The German shareholders of the Netherlands Railway Company are in a great state over the Report of the Transvaal Concessions Commission, and there are abundant threats of a diplomatic campaign. First of all, they should address their grievances to the Amsterdam directors who are responsible for the folly that made the company a belligerent. But apart from that, there is no doubt that *bona-fide* shareholders will have the benefit of an act of grace from the British Government.

Max Regis has fought his fourteenth or fortieth duel. It is impossible to keep an accurate account of these engagements. He was slightly wounded in the arm again, and made violent protests because the duel was stopped by the seconds. Dumas ought to have lived to chronicle the interminable adventures of this fiery swordsman.

The Moorish Embassy appears to be enjoying itself greatly. One of the distinguished visitors has been practising with the bicycle, and this instrument of civilisation ought to cut a prominent figure in Morocco.

Captain Francis Charles Bridgman Bridgeman, the newly appointed Naval Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, is fifty-three years of age.

He received his present rank in 1890, and since that date his name has been associated with the *Victory* at Portsmouth. The King's message to the Navy still rings in the ears of the service, and by various acts and appointments he has since shown his unceasing interest in all that concerns its dignity and welfare. The appointment of Captain Bridgeman to be a Naval Aide-de-Camp is accepted by his friends as a compliment paid to an officer who had well deserved it.



Photo. Russell.

CAPTAIN F. C. B. BRIDGEMAN,  
New Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King.

About three months ago an erroneous statement made the round of the Press concerning the prison treatment of Lucchini, the murderer of the Empress of Austria. It was said that, having threatened to murder a warder, he was confined in a subterranean cell. We have received official information from Switzerland that Lucchini has suffered no more than the ordinary penalty of solitary confinement for insubordination. At no time has he been subjected to exceptional rigour.

In aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Mrs. Stephen Schilizzi has organised a series of tableaux vivants, which will be held in the ball-room of the Savoy Hotel on Monday and Tuesday, June 24 and 25, afternoon and evening of both days. The entertainment is under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, and among the distinguished artists who have promised their services are Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Fräulein Fritz Scheff, Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, Mrs. Helen Trust, Mr. Tivadar Nachez, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa.

The Right Rev. J. E. Hine, the new Bishop of Zanzibar, was educated at University College, London, at London University, and at Oxford. After holding a curacy at Richmond, Surrey, he joined the Universities Mission to Central Africa. That was in 1888, and the following year found him in charge of the mission at Likoma, Nyasa. A little later he was appointed to be the head priest at Christ Church Pro-Cathedral, Zanzibar. Five years ago Dr. Hine was consecrated Bishop of Likoma; and on the occasion of Dr. Richardson's recent resignation of the see of Zanzibar, Bishop Hine accepted the vacancy.

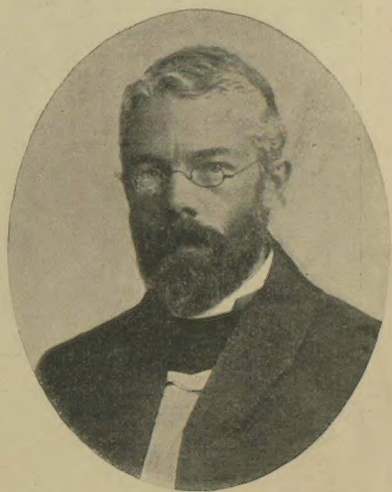


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

DR. J. E. HINE,  
New Bishop of Zanzibar.

Among the most recent additions at Earl's Court is the official exhibit of the Belgian Government, consisting of heavy ordnance, projectiles, small arms, side arms, etc., which is displayed in the Queen's Palace. The exhibit is the more interesting in that it is retrospective in character. For instance, the big guns which have been sent direct from the Belgian Government arsenals illustrate step by step the progress that has been made in the manufacture of heavy ordnance since the days of the old type of muzzle-loader; while the collection of small arms shows the development from the early flintlock to the magazine rifle of to-day. Similarly, the evolution in side arms is effectively depicted by a trophy of swords and bayonets. Many of the specimens of projectiles, which comprise various descriptions of shell, shrapnel, canister-shot, etc., are shown in sections. Much interest has been excited by the exhibit of French artillery in the Ducal Hall; and the German quick-firing guns to be shown by Messrs. Ehrhardt, of Düsseldorf, are expected in the course of the next few days.





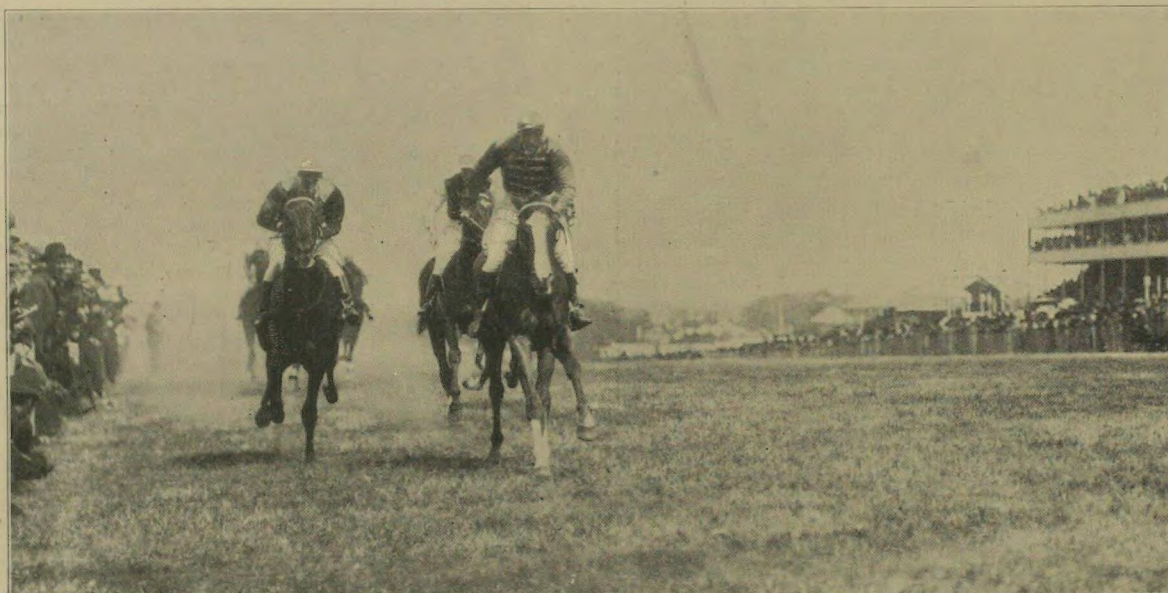
Madame Sada Yacco.

THE JAPANESE PLAYERS AT THE CRITERION: SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "THE GEISHA AND THE KNIGHT."

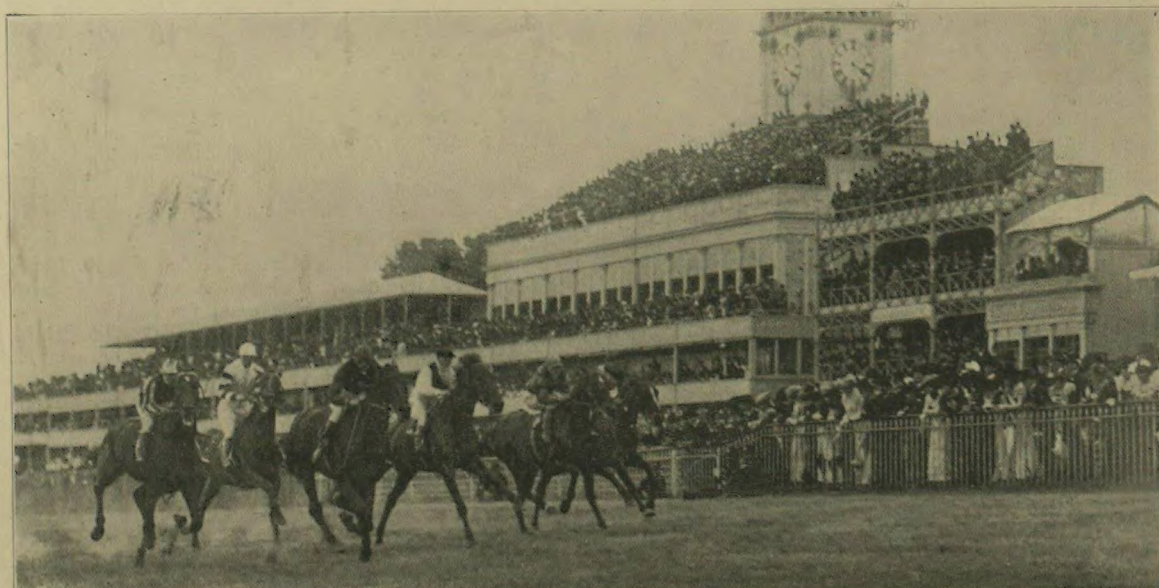
*The Geisha dancing before the friars at the gate of the Buddhist Monastery of Dôjô-jû.*



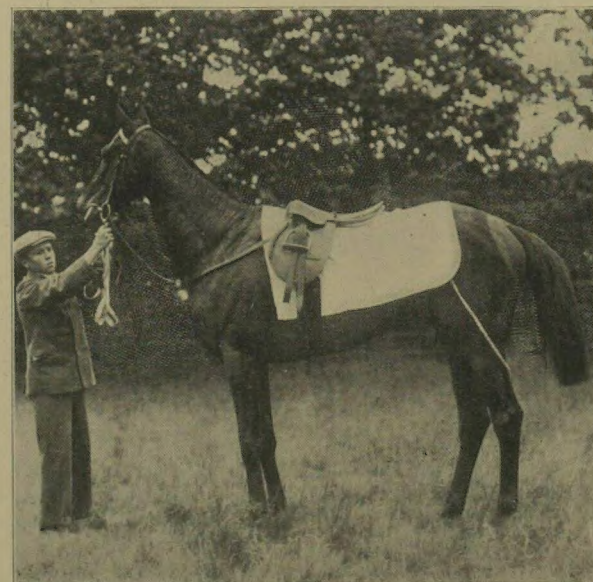
VERONESE, WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.



VERONESE WINNING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.



THE ENTRANTS FOR THE ASCOT STAKES PASSING THE STAND, FIRST TIME ROUND.



SINOI, WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.



# PRINCESSE !



BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

IN a quiet Swiss valley, away from the snow-summits and gorges, amongst green slopes and greener pastures, with vineyards in the distance and cow-bells in the foreground—far up the white country-road, as you turn from the blue expanse of Lake Lemman and drive inland, till the rough mountains of Savoy have sunk from the vision and nothing remains around you but gentleness, and fruitfulness, and sleepiness, and sweet abundance of rural rest. In the summer sunshine and vast serenity of sky, among the steady forests and dried-up river-beds, where the drowsy butterflies lie still within the sleeping flowers at midday, and the cicades have curled their tails into repose upon the stolid stones.

Down in a sleepy hollow there lies a sleepy house—a Swiss country-house of the old-fashioned type, roomy but nowise imposing, white and green to look at, roughly kept, and somewhat out of repair.

Les Berguettes is the Sausserons' place near Cugny, and the Sausserons, as everybody in French Switzerland knows, and nobody outside it, are a highly respectable family of Lausanne. Grandfather Sausseron was quite a personage in his day (1802-1867), an eminent chemist, who discovered a cheap method of damascening various metals, and thus laid the foundation of the fortunes of the house. Furthermore, he was a member of the Cantonal Council, and a street in the city is called after his name. Bernard Sausseron, his son, enlarged the business in every way, causing it to prosper mightily. He became so rich that there was much talk of his moving across the lake to Evian to avoid the exorbitant taxes of the Canton de Vaud. But he moved away still farther, to a land whither no earthly tax-gatherer can pursue us, and his estate devolved to his two married sons, his married daughter Marie, and his unmarried daughter Claire.

No, that is incorrect. The younger son, Jules, was, of course, not married at the time of his father's death. He married after Claire even, and the story of his wooing, a nine days' scandal at the time, would be well worth telling by itself. But that would be the story of a man's wickedness, and not of a woman's folly.

The elder sister, Marie, had married first—married her cousin Bertuchot: when her father died, she was already the mother of several chubby children. For Bertuchot was chubby, jolly, good-natured, content to belong to the Sausserons and take part in the business. The *man* of the family was Armand, the eldest, hard-headed, hard-working, hard-hearted, hard-pressed: the soul of the united factories; the will of the various households, the brain and the hand of it. A serious, simple man, living almost austere, content to know that others knew his unshown wealth.

His, and that of the others, for he held it all in his own care. None of them would have ventured to ask him for any accounts. He paid to the Bertuchots a sum of forty

thousand francs a year in four instalments: to Jules he paid fifteen thousand and to Claire he paid five. For his own household he never spent more than thirty. Old Sausseron was worth at the time of his death, it is creditably reported, about ten million francs. Armand paid taxes on that amount, and more. Claire, the unmarried daughter, went to live with Armand when her father died—the mother had been buried and forgotten many years. Claire was nineteen at the time of the old man's death, a tall, rather striking girl, with a mass of fair hair and magnificent black eyes. Her father had refused two offers of marriage without consulting her: one was from an old friend of his own, whom Claire would never have accepted; but she nearly cried her eyes dim over the other, which came from her drawing-master, a young Italian, rendered bold by the perception how deeply she was in love with him.

She took up her abode with her masterful brother and his insignificant wife. When the brother bullied her—which happened rarely, for his influence over them all was chiefly tacit—she went to stay during several weeks with her sister Bertuchot, and, in any case, the whole family spent a great part of the summer together at Les Berguettes. Jules would go off to his races and other similar amusements: the married men never long neglected the factories; the married women would shop and pet their children: nobody minded much what the others did, as long as, when they met from time to time, they were not in each other's way.

Claire had amusements enough, or rather let us call them distractions. She was exceedingly gifted, and she made frequent use of all her talents. Her playing and singing were beyond the average of amateurs—that is not saying much—of accomplished amateurs. She painted in water-colours better than she sang or played. Her education had been all that the schools of her native city, joined with natural intelligence, could make it. In fact, her old father used to say, the girl knows every possible thing a woman ought to know, and every possible thing she needn't. She was well read in all the lighter literatures, and about things in general she could talk with epigrammatic brightness. For science she cared nothing; the dry learning of her schooldays' time had gently washed overboard. In one word: a pleasant, stylish, witty girl, better informed and more truly accomplished than most.

Why all this about Claire? Because it is in itself the story. It explains the story's end.

Claire is the story. An epic in the early, stately repose of her wealthy childhood—a lyric with the drawing-master, a long elegy at Les Berguettes, and at the close a tragi-comedy—but that's too fast!

Les Berguettes was her favourite resort. She had got tired of Lausanne society, which she scornfully termed

provincial! She was sick, she said, of dining between cousins, and before her courteous indifference the suitors shrank away. She was an heiress: she sent for frocks from Paris. People began to speak of her, especially mammas, with a certain asperity.

On a beautiful August evening three young fellows, lazily floating in a boat along the shore by Ouchy, lay discussing, with languid interest, Claire Sausseron. The purple shadows swept in heavy folds across the dark blue water. A light caught here and there, amid gathering darkness, the distant city spires.

"You see, she's our biggest match," said Ernest Bertuchot, from Lausanne, to his cousins Pierre and Jacques de Brissay, from Paris.

"That in itself, of course, is interesting," replied Pierre de Brissay with a yawn. "She's a cousin of yours?"

"A sort of cousin; and her sister married my cousin George."

"In fact, you are all cousins. Why not? I suppose it can do no harm. What age is this young lady?"

"About twenty-five, I suppose."

"Twenty-five! My dear Ernest, she must either be a hunchback or not as rich as you say."

"She has a tongue can say 'No,'" replied Ernest sullenly.

"You speak with personal animus."

"Come, that's not fair," interposed Jacques from the bow.

"And a fortune of two or three millions."

Pierre sat up. "A—fortune—of—two or three millions!" he replied. "Phew! I'll try."

Ernest laughed scornfully.

"She is bored by all you Swiss cousins," continued Pierre. "Let us see what she will say to a Parisian—a new element, Monsieur de Brissay." And he twisted up his moustache with a little chirrup of amused content.

"Pooh!" replied Ernest, annoyed. "Once before, years ago, a foreigner tried his luck, an Italian, her drawing-master. That time she was smitten. Had she taken any foreigner, she, with her love of art, would have taken him." He spoke with great decision, anxious to prove and believe what he said.

"I am not a drawing-master," answered Pierre.

In the twilight Jacques bent forward. His was a clear-cut poet's face and shapely head. "Ah!" he said, "she loved her drawing-master, this wealthy bourgeois beauty! The talk is not as dull as I thought!"

"Sausseron!" reflected Pierre aloud. "There is Jules Sausseron, whom one meets in all sorts of shady places. Jacques, you must have met Sausseron?"

"No," replied his brother curtly.

"He is Claire's younger brother. He is not worth much," acknowledged Ernest.



"*Tiens*, you have young men here who are not all praiseworthy? This Jules is her brother—how lucky! If he be here in Lausanne I will get him to present me at once."

"He is here, I know, for a day or two. He is starting on a journey. We shall find him at the Club."

They rowed leisurely to land, and took the tram to Lausanne. As Ernest had prophesied, they found Jules at the Club, playing billiards with a friend, an Italian, whose name the young men just caught—Pagliardini.

"We are going off together to Aix les Bains," said Jules, "to try our luck at the Casino des Fleurs. I am sorry I cannot show you any hospitality, but I will give you a letter of introduction to my brother at Les Berguettes."

The two Parisians walked to the Hôtel Gibbon in the moonlight. Before they separated for the night, Pierre stood silent a few moments, looking at the letter which lay on his open palm.

"Monsieur Sausseron," he said. "It is not a pretty name. De Brissay is prettier."

"The Italian's name," replied Jacques, by his open bed-room window. "That was ugly. Pagliardini. Fie!"

"A good name is worth a great deal in the contest," said Pierre. "She will approve the 'de,' and the Parisian."

"And the Pierre."

"Let the winner laugh last. But you—what will you do while I am away in the country? Stay here and row?"

Jacques turned round and very deliberately answered—"I shall go too."

"Oh no, thank you. You would be most *gênant*."

"Listen! I have made my plan. I shall not go with you. Present yourself as you are. Two days later I shall appear in the village as a painter, an artist—under any name you like. You will know me slightly—in Paris—no more. I will be poor (Heaven knows that is true enough!), nothing but an artist."

"*Et après*."

"We will both try for the heiress—you as Pierre de Brissay, I as—"

"Jérémie Brioché!"

"So be it. See, that is only fair. I wish you luck."

"Well, as you like. But very few heiresses marry artists."

"That is true, considering how many fall in love with drawing-masters. You are damping."

"Never mind. If neither of us succeeds, there will only be an amusing experience the more in our lives, and two more triumphs in hers."

Upon this philosophic reflection Pierre went off to sleep soundly. Jacques' unfortunate temperament forced him to look out of window and murmur—

"*Ainsi poussés toujours vers de nouveaux rivages!*"

For shame, Jacques! Almost any kind of dream would have been more original.

The next morning saw Pierre at Les Berguettes, where, as cousin to the Bertuchots, he received a kindly welcome from a numerous and kindly family. Mademoiselle Claire took to him at once, for he brought her the perfume of Paris, dreamed-of, delicious, slightly intoxicating. The babble of the boulevards bubbled from his lips, much brighter and more effervescent than when bottled for exportation in the columns of her dearly loved *Figaro*. He was surprised to find her so well informed, so well read, so "unprovincially provincial," as he put it. She never tired of asking him about all that wondrous world, which, unlike less artificial lights, shines brightest from a distance. They would drop behind, or stroll ahead, when the others walked about the woods or towards the village. It was a quiet life. Monsieur de Brissay, it was understood, would soon undertake some big excursions.

Meanwhile, Monsieur de Brissay continued to charm the heiress. He made good progress during his two days' start. And on the second evening—a beautiful evening, all violet haze, and green slopes and returning cow-bells—he met the other gentleman from Paris, as Claire and he, a little beyond the others, were inspecting a pig-stye near the trellised village inn.

"Yes," said Claire, "the peasants here are dirty. They are intelligent and good-hearted, but they are undeniably dirty."

"All peasants are," replied Pierre, with lofty superiority. A gentleman, picturesquely arrayed, strolled out of the inn and came towards them. As he passed, Pierre, in sudden awkwardness, looked away. The stranger immediately turned back, came towards them again, took off his hat, stopped—

"*Tiens*, it is thou!" exclaimed Pierre. "Forgive me, Mademoiselle, a friend from the City of Light, as Hugo calls her. Who would have thought to find thee here?"

"I return the compliment," answered Jacques.

"Oh, I—I always travel! But I thought you stopped at home and worked!"

Jacques cast an angry glance at his brother. "My

And "I am an artist," said Jacques almost simultaneously.

A moment followed of most awkward pause, in which Claire, pitilessly, dropped behind with her companion.

"What did you say his name was?" asked Claire.

"Jérémie Brioché."

She laughed. "It is impossible!" she said. "What a trial for an artist! How could he have had the courage to become one with a name like that?"

"He bravely surmounted the difficulty. He is very brave."

"He is very handsome. But he will never find a wife, poor man! What woman would consent to become Madame Brioché!"

"Well—his mother did," replied Pierre, feeling mean.

"But I am glad to find you agree with me: I always say there is much in a pretty name. Yours is a lovely one."

"Sausseron!"

He blushed crimson. "I was thinking of Claire!"

"I do not know. After all, the beauty of a name lies in its intrinsic value. No one, for instance, would mind 'Le Comte de Brioché.'"

"Ah! See there the republican, the Swiss!"

"I was merely stating a fact from a certain point of view," she replied uncomfortably. "Shall we catch up the others? My brother Armand would not like me to lag behind in the dusk."

"You are very afraid of your big brother Armand?"

She threw up her proud little head. "I am afraid of nobody," she said; "but of vexing anyone! Shall we—Elise, are you there?" He followed her, feeling that he had not, for the moment, been as successful as heretofore. At table he was annoyed to find how much notice she took of the artist: as a matter of fact, she was anxious to atone for her sister's mistake. Nobody in the family, except Claire, knew anything of modern artistic developments. The subjects which interested Armand in his rare leisure moments were chiefly economical, political, practical: he discovered at once if you knew anything about them and never worried you twice. He had immediately abandoned the gay gentlemen from Paris. As for Bertuchot, his hobbies were scientific, and the literature he preferred was the algebraic unravelling of imaginary crime.

"Oh yes, art! art!" sighed Madame Bertuchot unblushingly. "Ah, Monsieur, do you not admire Calame? See, there is the true painter of nature! Bertuchot, we should buy a Calame!"

"You can have them in first-rate engravings," put in Armand. "I will give you one, if you like, for your birthday."

The two brothers de Brissay exchanged glances, and the many naughts that make up "ten million" went rolling across their mental sight.

Late that night they compared notes, not without recrimination.

"You make me absurd," Jacques said hotly, "with your ridiculous Jérémie."

"It goes well with the markings of your

linen," retorted Pierre coolly. "Prophecy my downfall, O prophet! The girl is handsome and charming. Who of us, I wonder, will be rolling in wealth this day six months?"

"I, let us hope," replied Jacques. "I should sooner share with you."

"She certainly said you were handsome."

"Ah!" Jacques tossed back his long black locks.

"But she declared her firm conviction that you would never find a wife."

"Ha?" Jacques opened his big black eyes.

"Because of your name, Brioché."

"I was a fool to let you make a fool of me. But it is not Brioché will propose to her!"

"Oh, come, we have not got to proposing yet. She is blinded by the light of Paris! You will see. She may adore artists, but she will marry a man for his *chic*."

"She will choose," replied Jacques, a little theatrically, "between Bohemia and the Boulevard!"



"Permit, Mademoiselle Sausseron, that I present Monsieur Jérémie Brioché."

occupation," he answered sharply. "requires much travelling. With you, I suppose, much travelling must do for an occupation. Present me to Mademoiselle!"

"Permit, Mademoiselle Sausseron, that I present Monsieur Jérémie Brioché."

But at that moment stout Madame Bertuchot and her chubby children came round the corner of the pig-stye, and the presentation had to be gone through again.

"You are staying at the inn?" said comely Madame Bertuchot. "It is astonishing how the beauties of our quiet valley are beginning to attract attention! You must come back with us to supper. Any friend of Monsieur de Brissay's would be welcome."

Pierre flung Jacques a look of confident triumph.

"But you must not send us too many tourists," said Madame Bertuchot, as she shuffled along, holding a boy by each hand. "You gentlemen from Paris must not betray our secret. For instance, we don't want a lot of artists."

"I adore artists!" cried Claire, quickly foreseeing her sister's blunder.



Whereupon the two brothers, who had been glaring across the table, laughingly shook hands, and wished each other good-night.

The first thing Jacques did next morning was to seek out a convenient and conspicuous spot from which to paint the valley. The best spot, he discovered, gave almost undue prominence to the Sausserons' country-house, but that could not be helped. He arranged himself before his easel, an attractive figure in his striped flannels, and settled to his work. He really was a very good amateur painter, in the first rank of dilettante exhibitors, everlastingly incapable of plunging down to the foot of the mountain and plodding up the right side. So, also, he could write Society verses which everybody in Society admired.

They are really very nice fellows, the brothers de Brissay, as all of us are aware who have known them all our lives. Of course Jacques is preferable to Pierre, who is a little too self-confident and bombastic. The episode of the hunt for the heiress, which was probably half a joke and half a bit of cheerful impertinence, shows them—shows them up, perhaps, a little—just as they are. There is no lighter, jollier, happier man than Pierre, who never does anything. There is no kinder man than Jacques, who is always hard at work on trifles, usually for the benefit of somebody else. It is true, as he said, that wealth in his hands was a blessing to hundreds. Such men die poor. You know of an exception? So do I.

As he worked he sang a song of his own inditing, and Mademoiselle Claire, walking in the dewy garden paused to listen—

"My heart within the prison sings,  
Only of wings!"

Mademoiselle looked over the hedge. "That is very pretty," she said; "but surely there is more!"

He turned to the big straw hat within the crimson parasol. "Ah, well, it is enough," he answered. "But, yes, there is more—thirteen stanzas. How many would you like to hear?"

"What, you know them all?"

"They are my own."

Claire flushed with pleasure. She had never before come face to face with a poet!

"Sing them to me—all," she said with a child's eagerness of command.

He laughed, and, continuing to sketch, solemnly sang four. "That is all the song," he explained. "The rest is only printed in the poem."

"Your poems are printed!" she cried; then, ashamed of her puerility, "I mean, I could have the volume? Where? I should like to get it. Who are the publishers?"

"I will send you a copy with pleasure."

"You have published under your own name, Monsieur-Brioche?"

Here was a dilemma. "Oh, no!" he stammered.

"I thought I had not seen it. What name did you take?"

"Apollon de Hélicon-Parnasse," he replied furiously.

"Ah! well, that is striking. You are taking that background wrong, Monsieur Brioche. The slope is too abrupt."

"Thank you," he answered, with some irritation; then a sudden brightening flowed across his face. "You paint too!" he said; "I had forgotten."

"Forgotten?"

"Yes—one—one has heard of you—in—in Paris. We must have mutual friends."

"I know no one in Paris," she said, looking pleased; "we have been brought up very quietly; but one has connections, of course, like your friend de Brissay, with the Bertuchots, Monsieur Brioche!"

"Mademoiselle!" he said resignedly.

"I should like to try my hand at setting those beautiful words of yours to—a prettier tune. I do not care much for yours. I—I wonder whether I could think of

a better?" She blushed again over the bold suggestion, with downcast eyes, under her big hat and red parasol, inexpressibly charming. The poet was delighted. He had utterly forgotten the millions. After that they got on most sympathetically. Claire came round to the other side of the hedge and freely criticised the morning's work. And he wrote out his verses for her with a brush dipped in blue, on a scrap of drawing-paper. They both looked annoyed when Pierre came to call her away.

"The children are waiting," said Pierre. "You remember, you promised to show me the waterfall."

"I am ready," replied Claire. "Monsieur Brioche, you must come up to the house this evening, and hear what I have made of your song."

"Ah, he had already been treating you to his songs," said Pierre contemptuously. "Bonjour, Jérémie!"

Armand had listened to the end, a great fold across his brow.

"You are, I presume, a Roman Catholic?" he said.

"I am, but of course—"

Armand rose. "That will do, Monsieur. No further discussion of the matter is necessary. My sister would never desire to marry anyone of a different religion, nor could we allow her to do so."

"But I was told that her mother—"

"You were misinformed. My mother was a convert from Catholicism before she married my father."

"But perhaps the young lady—"

"Monsieur de Brissay, I must ask you to discontinue your visits to my house."

"So it is simplest," reflected Armand, left alone. "There are a dozen other objections, but why think them out?"

The disappointed suitor soon found his brother.

"Cease your efforts," he said, "or change your religion. Paris *cant bien une messe*."

"No, by God!" said Jacques, with unexpected vehemence. He would say no more on that or any other subject. He locked himself in his room and wrote verses all through the night.

That same night Jules Sausseron, the man of pleasure, the gambler, hung, in company with his Italian friend, over a balcony of the Casino des Fleurs at Aix, lazily watching the music, the flowers, the bright dresses, and the softness of the moonlit heat.

"My dear Sandro, there is no denying it," Jules said carelessly. "I have no wish to deny it. But, also, I have no wish to hear it repeated. I owe you fifty-three thousand francs."

"And fifty centimes," corrected the Italian.

"Confound the fifty centimes! What for?"

"For the stamps I have twice given you to write to your brother."

"Oh! Well, it is no use writing to my brother. In fact, I have not written: the letters contained gossip to Claire."

"But, after all, your millions are your own!"

Jules cast a quick side-glance at the Italian. "Yes, at present," he said. "But Armand has them in his keeping. So much the better, perhaps."

"He will have to deduct," said the Italian, playing with a cigarette, "fifty-three thousand francs and fifty centimes."

A long silence followed. The band struck up a waltz of Ivanovics.

"Come away to some quiet place!" exclaimed Jules suddenly. "I want to talk to you about something." They strolled along a dimly lighted lane into deepening quiet.

"Why don't you marry my sister Claire?" said Jules.

"Dame, I do not know the young lady."

"She is charming, handsome, accomplished. I am fonder of her than of anyone on earth. She is twenty-five.

Well, you are nearly forty. She would make just the sort of wife you ought to have."

"But supposing she should refuse me?" suggested the Italian, still with indifference.

"She would not refuse you. *Parbleu*, it is not every-one can make his wife *Princesse*!"

"Granted. Still, there are difficulties. For instance, I am a Roman Catholic."

"My mother was—once."

"Ah! Well, of course, a Principessa Pagliardini would have to accept the religion of her house."

"That, in itself, sounds delightful."

"Nor should I care to be placed under the guardianship of your brother."

"Why not? You would have to ask him for a very large annuity. Trust me, there is no safer, pleasanter arrangement than that for men like you and me. But I am going to tell him he must double my allowance. I want Claire's marriage to help me in that. And—and—if you should marry Claire?"



Claire freely criticised the morning's work.

Jacques ground his teeth even harder than his colours. He could hear Pierre laughing in the distance, and the children calling Claire!

That evening she sang him his songs so exquisitely, with such simple grace and feeling, that he lost at least half his heart, and openly made love to her. "Well, yes, it is pretty," said Madame Bertuchot, who knew nothing of the writer's identity, "but really I am rather sick of hearing it: you have sung nothing else all day."

"I was busy finding music for the words," said Claire, annoyed.

"You could not speak them without doing that," said Jacques.

After two days of this sort of thing, Pierre felt that he must either act or retire from the scene. He resolved to adopt the manly, straight-forward line. So he sought out Armand, on the latter's return from Lausanne one night, and, truthfully expressing a great admiration for Claire, courteously asked for permission to court her.



"I will draw a line through the fifty-three thousand francs."

"And the fifty centimes. Shall we start to-morrow? I detest this place."

"Let us start to-morrow. But do not begin detesting the places where you have lost money. It is a dangerous habit."

"My brother Jules is coming to-night with a friend," said Claire to Jacques when the telegram came. "I am glad that you will meet my brother Jules."

"Yes?" replied Jacques, with a swift sense of approaching complications—and then suddenly he caught hold of her hand, caught it aside from the faults she was prettily pointing out in his landscape—and told her that he loved her; had learnt in these few days to love her more—and oh, so differently!—more than any other woman he had ever loved before; told her what his real name was, and all his foolish plan of wooing; told her everything, with burning words, such as a woman loves to gather to her beating breast.

At last she said, trembling: "But my brother would never give his consent."

"We must do without it," he answered.

She pondered this strange possibility for a moment before she continued: "All my money is in his hands."

The tears of spite rose into his eyes.

"It is asking too much of you," he cried, "to bid you

That same evening Jules, anxious to avoid any erroneous or unfavourable first impressions, took his younger sister aside, and frankly told her that he had brought his friend, whom he greatly respected, to see his sister, whom he dearly loved, on the understanding that possible inclinations might lead to a marriage between them. "My heart's desire," said Jules. And he meant it. "Little sister, you would be a Princess," he said.

Claire's cheeks glowed. "He is a genuine Prince?" she said.

"His is one of the oldest families of Tuscany. At Geneva I bought an Almanach de Gotha. See!" He took out the fat little red volume and handed it to her.

"He does not seem a clever man," she faltered. "I asked him about several things. He seemed to know nothing."

"He is very modest."

"And a—little—wild—Jules—like you?"

"He is a man of the world, of course, not a monk; but he is devoutly religious."

"Jules, what do you think of Monsieur Brioché?"

"Monsieur Jérémie Brioché? A painter, is he not? Oh, I think he is just Jérémie Brioché."

"You have met him before?"

"I have never met him at all. I just saw him pass out in the dusk as we came in. *Tiens*, there is Armand; I

## THE AFFAIRE "FIGARO."

France is never long without an *affaire* of some sort, and for the last month Paris has been diverted by the serio-comic antics of the management and editorial staff of the *Figaro*. Somewhere in the first week of May it was announced that the Opposition was determined to master the *Figaro*, distinguished by its championship of Captain Dreyfus and its partisanship of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet. Thereupon M. de Rodays, editor-in-chief, was reported to have resigned. No vigorous action was taken, however, until the evening of May 24, when M. Perivier, the manager, entered the editor's office and announced that in consequence of the resignation, he (M. Perivier) remained sole master of the journal, and he accordingly invited M. de Rodays to leave. This the editor-in-chief refused to do, and producing his revolver, threatened to fire. M. Perivier deprecated an appeal to force, and cited the statutes of the company, announcing his intention of doing with the *Figaro* what he pleased, and showing M. de Rodays the leading article which he had had prepared for the forthcoming issue. By this time the whole of the editorial staff had rallied to their chief.

M. Perivier was supported by the printer, M. Marinoni, who had orders not to accept any copy except that signed by the manager. The editorial staff thereupon shut them-



M. Perivier. M. Henry des Houx.

M. Prestat.

THE "FIGARO" DISPUTE: M. PRESTAT, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF SURVEILLANCE, ANNOUNCING THE SHAREHOLDERS' DECISION TO M. PERIVIER, THE MANAGER.

abandon the money. And yet—and yet—Claire, we could be happy without it. I could take you to Paris: I would work. Claire, people can be happy without money."

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "Someone is coming. You frighten me; you have taken me unawares. I must have time to reflect."

"You will answer me! When?"

"To-morrow. Not before to-morrow. Do not make yourself illusions."

"You paint well, Monsieur Brioché," said Madame Bertuchot; "but your style is not the style of Calame."

"Why should it be?" demanded Claire, with asperity. Madame Bertuchot opened her mild blue eyes.

"Why?" she asked. "Oh, because I like it best. For me, Monsieur Brioché is too modern. I wonder who this friend of Jules will prove to be?"

"I do not care two sous," said Claire.

"What an extraordinary expression! I am always curious about new people. There are so many different kinds."

Madame Bertuchot certainly felt curious, with palpitating curiosity, about the new sort of person to whom she found herself introduced that night.

"Prince Pagliardini!"

The whole bourgeois family stared, open-souled, at this personage of exalted rank. It cannot be said that Sandro Pagliardini took much pains to please them. Wit and brightness were not in his line. Nor could he speak of art, or of politics, or of trade. In fact, he spoke little, brushing up his heavy black moustache and remarking that the wine was good.

must go to him." He ran after his elder brother: they were closeted a long time in Armand's private room.

"A Prince! It is delightful," said Madame Bertuchot to her husband.

"It will be delightful," replied Bertuchot, "as a brother-in-law."

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"In Heaven's name, I mean nothing. But in the world's I mean that he will probably propose to Claire!"

"Claire!"

"Yes: I imagine that is what Jules has brought him here for—what else?"

"But he is a Roman Catholic!"

"Yes."

"And a foreigner!"

"Yes."

"And forty—and bald—"

"Yes."

"And exceedingly stupid, one would say!"

"Undoubtedly. Yes."

Madame Bertuchot drew a long breath. "It would be very strange," she said. "Of course it would have its charm."

A little latter she waylaid Armand. "Do not be absurd," said the head of the family sternly. "The man has not been six hours in the house. We shall see. We shall see."

Claire, very thoughtfully undressing, stopped in front of a large cheval mirror, and suddenly swept to the ground in the lowest of courtesies.

"Princesse!" she said aloud.

THE END.

selves up in their own department, but M. Perivier, invoking assistance from M. des Houx, of the *Matin*, sent the *Figaro* to press. From the next day's issue the familiar name of de Rodays was entirely absent, that of Perivier appearing as "managing director" instead of "manager" as formerly. In the early hours bailiffs and attorneys were in force at the office, which was visited also by the chairman of the company, who protested against M. Perivier's *coup d'état*.

But M. Perivier's own time was to come. On June 11 the shareholders met and resolved to dismiss, not only M. de Rodays, but the manager as well. From the general meeting, M. Prestat, chairman of the Committee of Surveillance, accompanied by a locksmith, went at once to the *Figaro* office to eject M. Perivier. Many shareholders also drove down in their carriages to see the game played out. At that time both M. Perivier and M. de Rodays (*à la* M. Guérin, of Chabrol fame) were holding their respective forts, which were provisioned from neighbouring restaurants; and when M. Prestat at last forced an entrance, they are said—so versatile is the French character—to have joined forces in resisting his demands. M. Prestat's assault was described in the *Figaro* by the picturesque Perivier as "a hurricane of Boxers." He added his assurances that the fortress would resist, pending a decision from a court of law. Preliminary applications to the courts have not succeeded in procuring the omission of the manager's name from the paper, and M. Prestat now brings charges of fraud and mismanagement against MM. de Rodays and Perivier. Meanwhile, M. Gaston Calmette, M. Prestat's son-in-law, is acting-editor, and the staff remain at their posts.





Photo W. G. Large.

LYTTELTON HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL WERE TIMED TO ARRIVE ON JUNE 22.



THE WATER PAGEANT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A SEA-FIGHT IN THE DAYS OF WOODEN WALLS—TRAFALGAR.



T H E   R I S I N G   I N   S O M A L I L A N D .



TRACKERS FOLLOWING THE SPOOR, SOMALILAND.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



T H E   R I S I N G   I N   S O M A L I L A N D .



A RECRUIT FOR THE MAD MULLAH.  
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





MADAME PATTI'S ONLY APPEARANCE THIS SEASON: THE CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL ON JUNE 15.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.





Photo. Dorell and Martin.

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA, RETURNING TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE  
AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS ON JUNE 12.

CANINE FIRST AID.



Photo. Russell.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S EXPERIMENTS WITH DOGS AS SCOUTS AND AMBULANCE AIDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BUCKINGHAM. RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

GENERAL SIR DUNCAN THOMAS. THE DUC DE PORTLAND.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY TROTTER.



LORD MILNER.

THE DUC DE CAMBRIDGE.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

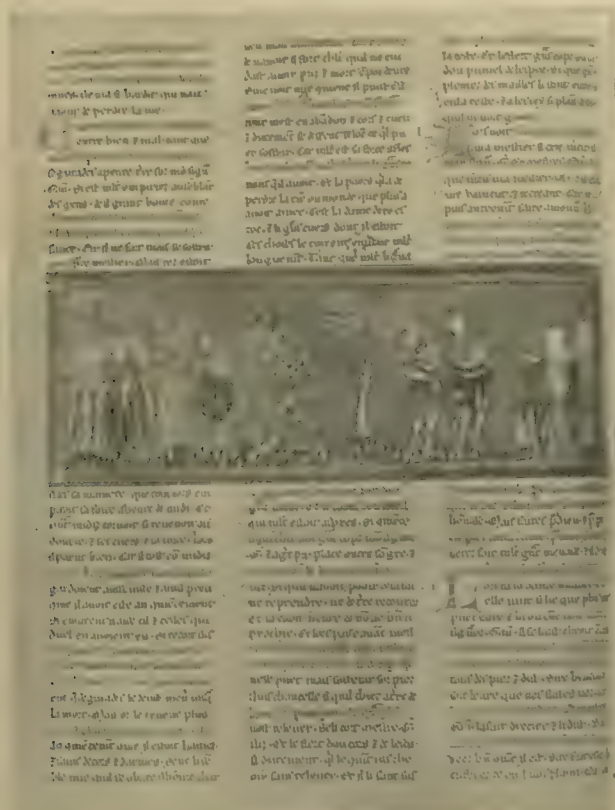
THE KING.

A ROYAL RECOGNITION OF SERVICE: PRESENTATION OF SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDALS BY THE KING ON JUNE 12 AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

DRAWN BY S. BLOG.

His Majesty the King, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, arrived on the ground at a few minutes before eleven o'clock, and took up his position under an Indian Shikari, or canopy, used by the King on his Eastern tour. The medals were placed in their proper order on tables ready to the King's hand. Lord Roberts was the first to receive the medal. He was followed by Lord Milner and Sir Godfrey Layden.

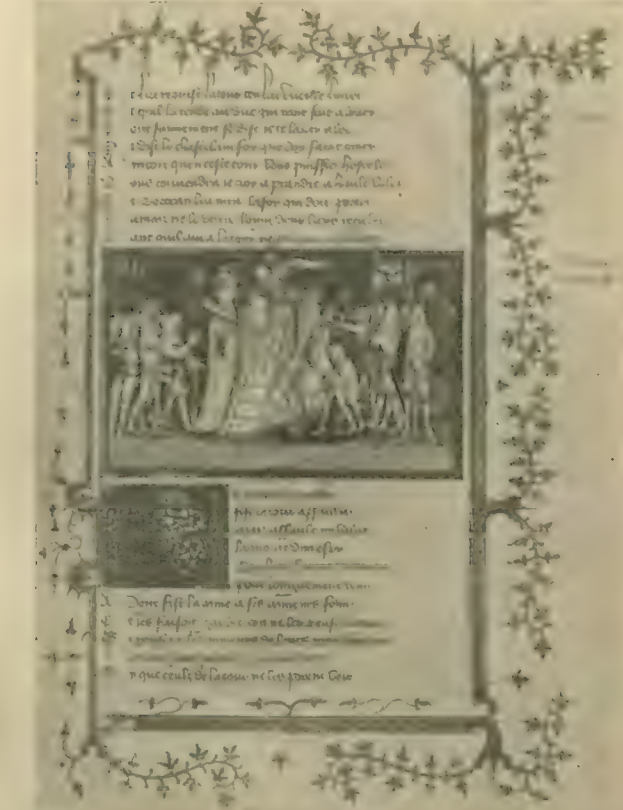




THE "SAN GRAAL" AND "LANCELOT DU LAC."  
MS. OF THE 14TH CENTURY, ON VELLUM, WITH THIRTY-NINE MINIATURES.  
Sold for £1800.



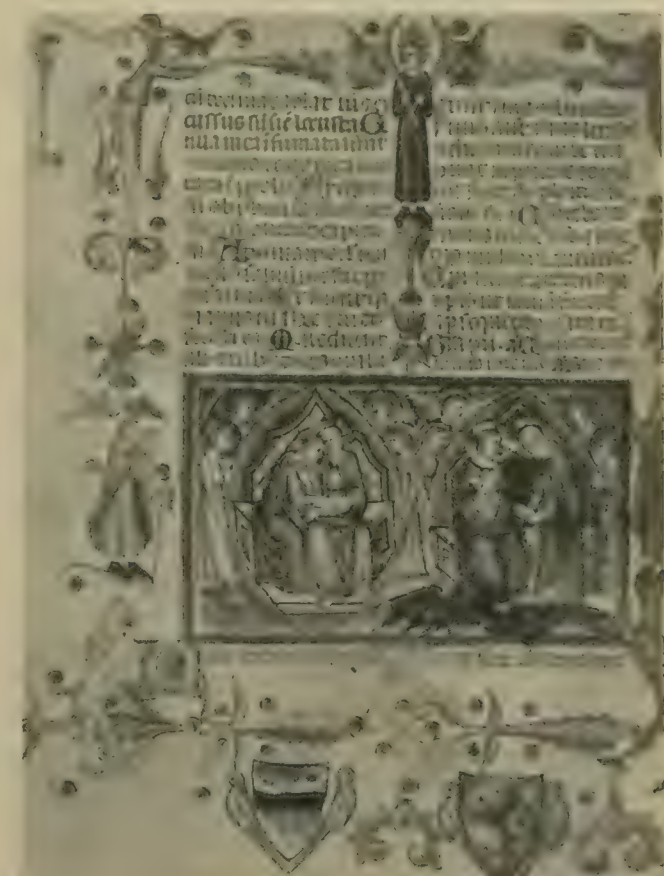
KING GEORGE THE FIRST'S CHAMPION'S SUIT OF ARMOUR, PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD VII.  
The reversed "E3" of Queen Elizabeth is engraved in many places on the suit, which was made in 1585 for Sir C. Hatton, and was chosen from the Royal Armoury by the Champion, Dymoke.  
REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MR. DAVIS, 147, NEW BOND STREET, W.



LA VIE DU VAILLANT BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.  
MS. OF THE 14TH CENTURY, ON VELLUM, WITH FOURTEEN MINIATURES.  
Sold for £1500.



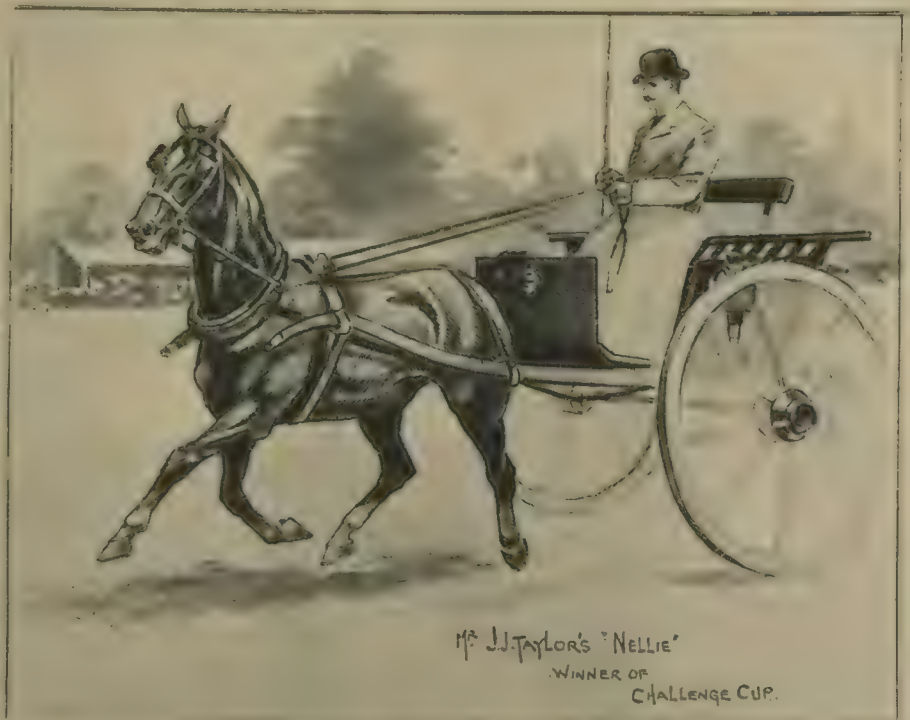
JEHAN DE COURCY.  
MS. OF THE 15TH CENTURY, ON VELLUM, WITH LARGE ILLUMINATIONS AND BORDERS.  
Sold for £1420 to Mr. Quaritch.



LATIN PSALTER.  
MS. OF THE 14TH CENTURY, ON VELLUM, EVERY PAGE WITH A RICH ITALIAN BORDER AND INITIALS; FINELY ILLUMINATED PAINTINGS IN THE STYLE OF GIOTTO.  
Sold for £1530.



T H E      R I C H M O N D      H O R S E      S H O W      O F      1 9 0 1.





## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I am writing this before the Grand Prix has been run, and by the time the lines appear in print the annual exodus from the capital will have begun. Of course, the men who are professing to shape the future destinies of France display an utter indifference to this yearly recurring movement of the leaders of fashion; but the latter, on the other hand, show themselves equally indifferent to the others' doings, and openly proclaim their lack of interest in the proceedings of the Senate, which is discussing the Bill relating to the religious congregations, and preparing to try the Comte de Lur-Saluces for his alleged share in the attempt to overthrow the Third Republic. The *beau monde* is just as lukewarm—not to say ice-cold—with regard to the forthcoming general elections, and if the Duc d'Orléans should carry out his intention of entering France in such a manner as to make his arrest by the Government unavoidable, the butterflies of society will simply laugh, and perhaps sneer, at him for his pains. Frivolous though they be, they would probably refrain from laughter if they thought that such a semi-sensational episode would in the slightest degree impair the stability of the Republic; but they know better.

Not to mince matters, the Republic has taken root, not because the French soil was altogether congenial to it, but because the successors of those who replanted an offshoot of the old tree thirty years ago have tended and nursed it, while those who pretended to have the interest of the deposed régimes at heart have grown apathetic, and felt a want of cohesion in the absence of a real leader. This applies both to Monarchists and Imperialists, for between the late Comte de Paris and the late Prince Napoleon there was not a pin to choose as far as determined grappling was concerned, and the sons of both these men have been equally wanting in energy. In 1830 the great-grandfather of the present Duc d'Orléans found some excellent cat's-paws in La Fayette and Lafayette, not to mention Thiers and Talleyrand. Cat's-paws though they were, they had enormous talent. The Comte de Paris was incapable of seeing that Boulanger was a mere charlatan; and the Count's son has not even a Boulanger at his disposal. Louis Napoleon elected to pull the chestnuts from the fire personally. He attempted the thing at Strasburg and Boulogne, and though he failed, the failure added to a considerable extent to his prestige. There was, moreover, his imprisonment at Ham and his romantic escape thence. Prince Victor has nothing like this to his credit, and there is a gradually growing conviction, even among his staunchest partisans, that he is "un prince fainéant."

All these effects combined have absolutely bred among the noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain and the newer aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the adjoining Champs-Élysées an apathy with regard to politics. A few dabble in literature, but the lives of the rest are devoted to pleasure, and the annual term for the cessation of urban enjoyments having arrived, their thoughts are turned to their châteaux, to the seaside and fashionable resorts, so that in a week or a fortnight hence Paris will be practically empty, as far as the leisured and moneyed classes are concerned, the latter following the suit of the former.

Naturally, the Parisian shopkeepers, restaurateurs, and hotel managers are not too well pleased at this. In bygone times the contingent of money-spending residents was, at their temporary flitting, replaced by a contingent of foreign visitors, notably English, whose purses were well lined. Many of these not only came to enjoy themselves at the theatres and in making the round—ostensibly for purposes of comparison—of the various *al fresco* resorts of recreation, but in providing enjoyment for their woman-kind, which meant—as it invariably does with the fair sex—considerable purchases in the Rue de la Paix, on the Boulevards, and in the Avenue de l'Opéra. The number of those visitors is diminishing year after year—at any rate, as far as the money-spending section is concerned. The old attractions pall, and there are few new ones, except to those who wish to get beneath the surface-life of the French capital. Moreover, Paris is exceedingly hot in the dog days—much hotter than it used to be. I should not like to assign offhand a reason for this, but it may be due to the constant increase of tall white buildings reflecting the glare of the sun. This, however, is a mere surmise on my part. There is also more unpleasant bustle. The huge steam and electric tramways, not run upon the overhead system, make the centre of Paris a very pandemonium to those who are not used to it. Consequently, the Paris tradesmen and notably the theatrical managers are not far from cursing the sun, which accelerates the departure of the wealthier residents, and brings no lavish foreigners in their stead.

The diatribe against the orb of day reminds me of that clever paradox, or, rather, sally, of one of the most remarkable men of letters of the preceding generation, who was also a theatrical manager. I am alluding to Nestor Roqueplan, who voted the sun a confounded nuisance. "What is the good of it? The love for the sun is nothing more than a prejudice," he said on one occasion. "It ripens the fruit. There is nothing to beat the melons of Pötel and the grapes of Thomery—they are both produced by artificial heat. And how nice Paris and its inhabitants are when the sun comes down with all its force upon them! How nice the city smells! And the people, how nice they look!—the men with red faces and perspiring violently, the women with their hair out of curl and their hands bursting out of their gloves; and the dogs running about with their tongues lolling out of their mouths in search of water, the failure to find which drives them mad, and then they bite us." He said much more, and all he said the Paris shopkeeper, condemned to watch for custom which does not come, is inclined to repeat with a vengeance the moment the Grand Prix has been run. He expects nothing from the Government. He is unlike the benighted peasant who asked Gambetta to look to the weather, and took him *au sérieux* when he promised to consult his colleagues.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

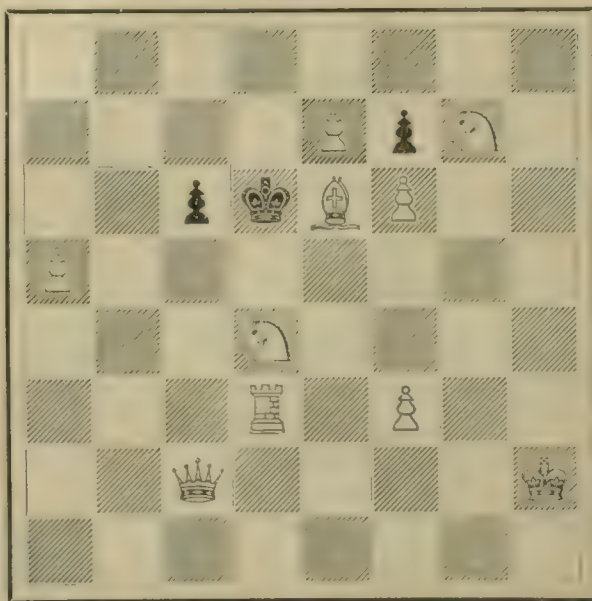
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- STEPHEN WATSON (Leavesdon).—There is no mistake with No. 2880. There is only one solution, and that is not included in the five you propose.
- R. SIMPSON (Bath).—There is no prospect of anything of the kind.
- SORRENTO.—Your problem is in type.
- J. F. WOOD (West Kensington).—We regret our space is too limited to admit of anything else than the regular game.
- MARTIN F.—We are glad to hear from you again, and trust to have your solutions with their previous regularity.
- M. J. R. (Brighton).—The problem is quite right, and cannot be solved as you suggest. It is always safer to be sure you are correct before you attempt criticism.
- E. RASHLEIGH (Liverpool).—Black must win in the position you submit. He is a clear piece ahead, and there is nothing in the game to counteract this advantage.
- C. M. A. B.—The conditions must be observed. White must win the game; not draw it.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2867 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 2873 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2874 from Iere (Trinidad); and Louis M. Wertheim (Johannesburg); of No. 2875 from Iere (Trinidad); of No. 2876 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya); of No. 2877 from John C. Kemp (Toronto); of No. 2879 from F. W. Gilman (Liverpool); of No. 2880 from F. B. (Worthing), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), F. W. Gilman, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and Frank Shrubsole (Faversham).
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2881 received from Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), Martin F., Edward J. Sharpe, T. Roberts, F. J. S. (Hampstead), W. Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), Alpha, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Charles Burnett, E. Rashleigh (Liverpool), C. M. A. B., R. Worters (Canterbury), C. E. Perugini, Henry A. Donovan (Lidstone), F. Dalby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. d'A. Bannard (Uppingham), Sorrento, H. S. Brandt, Frank Clarke (Bingham), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), W. von Beverlohn, Eugene Henry, E. J. Winter Wood, H. Le Jeune, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), J. D. Tucker (Hkley), T. Colledge (Hullburton, Jedburgh), Edith Winter (Croydon), F. W. Moore (Brighton), G. Stillingfleet John-on (Cobham), Edith Corser (Reigate), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), F. H. Marsh (Bridport), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2880.—By C. B. WILHELM.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 8th. K to K 3rd, or P to Kt 3rd.
2. Q to Kt 8th (ch). K moves.
3. Q mates.
- If Black play 1. P to Kt 4th; 2. Q to R 7th. K moves; 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2881.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played at Porpat between MESSRS. T. GERMAN and S. LURIE. (Giuoco Piano.)

- |  |                |   |                |
|--|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. G.)   | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. G.)  | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th     | 14. P to K R 4th  | B to K 2nd     |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd   | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 15. B takes B   | Q takes B      |
| 3. B to B 4th  | Kt to B 3rd    | 16. Kt to K 4th   | P to K B 4th   |
| 4. P to Q 3rd  |                | 17. P takes P   | P takes Kt     |
| A slow variation, but the game itself proves lively enough to suit the most exacting.              |                |   |                |
| 5. Kt to B 3rd   | B to B 4th     | 18. Q takes P (ch)  | K to B 2nd     |
| 6. P to Q R 3rd  | P to Q 3rd     | 19. Q to R 5th (ch)   | K to K 3rd     |
| 7. B to K Kt 5th   | B to K 3rd     | 20. Q to Kt 4th (ch)  | K to Q 3rd     |
| 8. Kt to Q 2nd   | P to K R 3rd   | 21. P to Q Kt 4th   |                |
| 9. B to R 4th  | P to K Kt 4th  | To prevent the King's escape. White has just time for this. |                |
| This is not satisfactory, as will be seen when the attack develops.                                |                |   |                |
| 10. B to K Kt 3rd  | P to Q 4th     | 21. P to Q Kt 4th   | R to R sq      |
| 11. P takes P  | Kt takes P     | 22. Castles (Q R)   | P to K 6th     |
| 12. Kt takes Kt  | B takes Kt     | 23. B takes R   | R takes R      |
| 13. Q to R 5th   |                | 24. P to Q 4th  | R to R 8th     |
| P takes P (ch) was threatened, winning the Queen at least, and there was no other resource.        |                |   |                |
| 13. Q to R 5th   |                | 25. P takes P (ch)  | Kt takes P     |
| The commencement of an interesting series of moves, strong in itself, and followed up effectively. |                |   |                |
| 13. Q to R 5th   |                | 26. R takes R   | K to B 3d      |
|  |                | 27. R to R 6th (ch)   | K to Kt 4th    |
|  |                | 28. B takes Kt  | Q takes B      |
|  |                | White mates in four moves.                                  |                |

Game played between two Amateurs. (Vienna Game.)

- |  |                |                       |                   |
|--|----------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. G.)   | BLACK (Mr. C.) | WHITE (Mr. G.)        | BLACK (Mr. C.)    |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th     | 11. B to K 3rd        | Kt to Q 7th       |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd   | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 12. Q to Kt 3rd       | Kt takes R        |
| 3. B to B 4th  | Kt to B 3rd    | 13. R takes Kt        | B takes B (ch)    |
| 4. P to Q 3rd  | B to B 4th     | 14. Q takes B         | Q to R 5th        |
| 5. P to K B 4th  |                | 15. P to B 6th        | Q takes Kt P (ch) |
| The Vienna opening loses much of its peculiarity and force if White does not continue with this move at an early period of the game. |                |                       |                   |
| 5. P to B 5th  | P to Q 3rd     | 16. P to B 6th        | B to Q 3rd        |
| 7. Q to B 3rd  | Kt takes B     | 17. Kt to Kt 3rd      | R to K Kt 3rd     |
| There is not much objection to leaving the Bishop thus to be taken, but the open file must afterwards be utilised for an attack.     |                |                       |                   |
| 8. P takes Kt  | B to Q 2nd     | 18. P takes P         | R takes P         |
| 9. P to K Kt 4th   |                | 19. Kt to Kt 5th      | R takes P         |
| Here either Q to Kt 3rd or K Kt to K 2nd at once appears necessary.  |                |                       |                   |
| 9. K to Kt 2nd   | Kt takes K P   | 20. Kt takes B P (ch) | K to Q sq         |
| 11. Castles  |                | 21. Kt takes R        | Q to R 6th        |
|  |                | 22. Q to B 2nd        | P to K B 4th      |
|  |                | 23. R to Q sq         | P to B 5th        |
|  |                | 24. R takes P (ch)    | K to B sq         |
|  |                | 25. R to Q 3rd        | P to Kt sq        |
|  |                | 26. P to Q Kt 4th     | P takes Kt        |
|  |                | 27. R takes P         | R takes R (ch)    |
|  |                | 28. Q takes R         | Q takes Q         |
|  |                | 29. P takes Q         | P to Kt 4th       |
|  |                | Black wins            |                   |

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been perusing a volume which I take the liberty of recommending to the notice of all my readers—and their name must be legion—who are in any way interested in the investigation of occult and mysterious affairs in the domain of mental science. Every intelligent person, I take it, has a strong desire to know the how and the why of mental phenomena of the less easily understood character. We are like people who see a clever conjuring trick—we desire to know "how it is done"; only the task of unravelling the knotty problems of psychology is a much more difficult one than that of guessing at the probable manner in which the feats of the prestidigitator have been accomplished. The book to which I refer is entitled "Fact and Fable in Psychology," and its author is Professor Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, one of America's most distinguished psychologists.

A perusal of this book will serve as a tonic cold douche to minds that have strayed somewhat from the beaten track of science, and wandered away into the mazes of mysticism. Therefore, it is with pleasure I find Professor Jastrow has collected his attempts to explain the so-called mysterious in modern mental science into a volume. Herein are many things which might afford texts for innumerable essays on the proper way of looking at our brain ways and works; and, best of all, for discourses on the wondrous results which follow the operation of self-deception. Truly, there is nobody can deceive us like we ourselves.

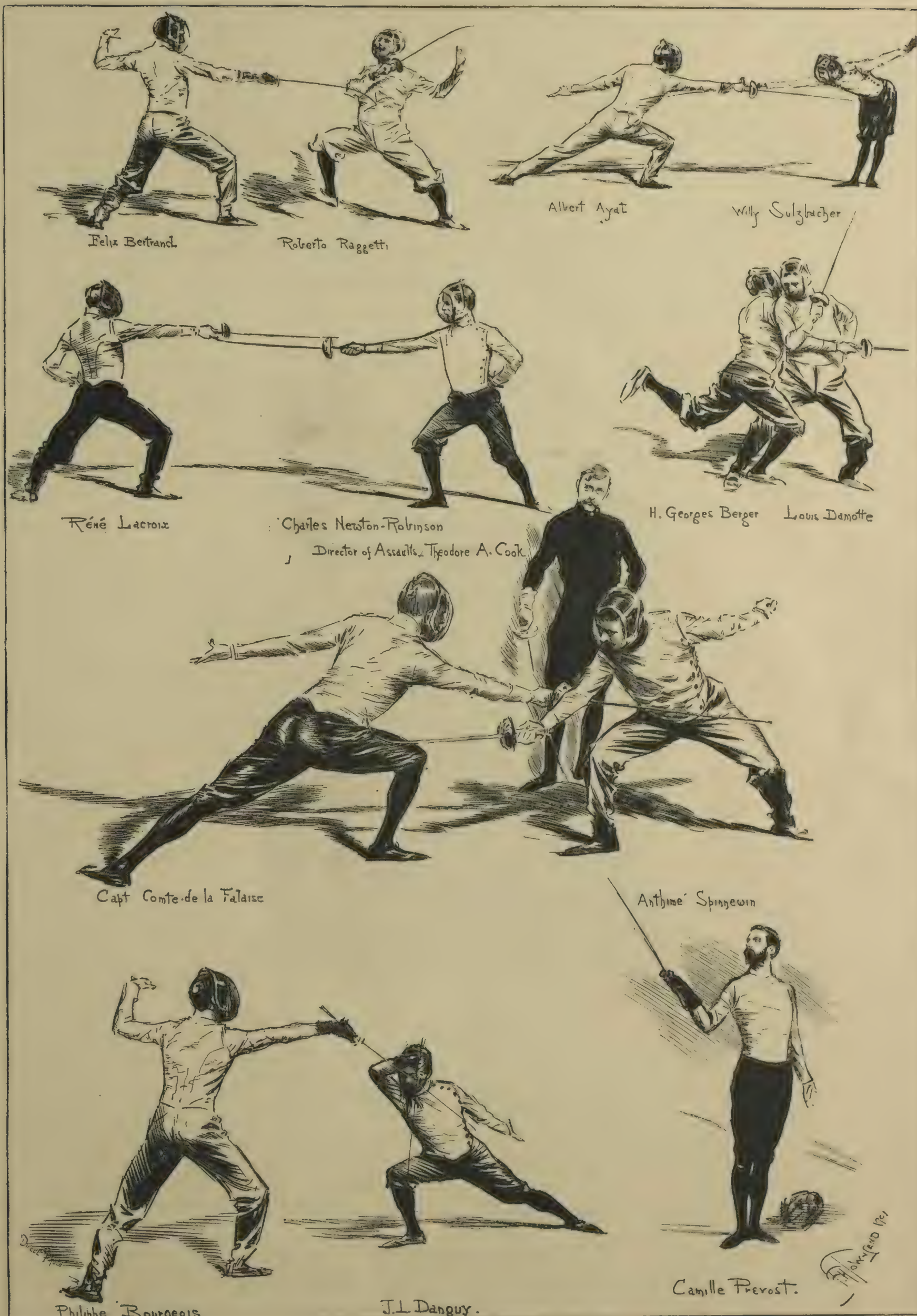
The chapter on mental telegraphy affords an excellent illustration of the clearing up of an otherwise apparently mysterious topic. People there are who believe in brain-waves that flow—how or in what form brain cells can give off emanations of energy is not explained—from one person to another, like the Hertz-waves in electricity, and that bring *en rapport* two kindred souls dwelling, it may be, miles and miles apart. It is not professed that everybody can be thus telepathically affected; but the believers do not explain why A and B can be so linked together, while C and D, anxious to communicate, are left out in the cold. You observe there is a great deal which has to be taken on trust in such cases, for it is so terribly easy to suppose anything one pleases when one is not called upon to explain the very essence of the whole business under discussion. Professor Jastrow asks his readers to bring to bear on the question of mental telegraphy the same cool reasoning powers which they focus upon any matter in their ordinary lives. If they will examine into the wonderful phenomena of alleged communication with minds at a distance outside the ordinary channels of the penny post, telegraph, telephone, and M. Marconi, these details may be reduced to very commonplace proportions indeed.

The first point to be noted is the frequency of coincidence which guides thoughts in particular directions. A man becomes interested in a particular study. Then, in a short time, unconsciously to himself, he obtains details longed for and wished for in a fashion that will often startle him. This is not because, as Mr. Jastrow puts it, the world has become telepathically aware of his needs and proceeds to attend to them, but because the man's quickened attention has succeeded in grasping a great many facts and details he otherwise would have missed. Coincidence will explain a great many things, and will often startle us exceedingly. Mark Twain told the story in *Harper's*, in 1891, about a coincidence whereby Mr. W. H. Wright wrote him a letter suggesting a literary venture analogous to one written by Mark Twain to Mr. Wright. The letters, I think, crossed in the post. On the theory of mental telegraphy, who was the telegraphist, and who the recipient, or was it mutual telepathy which resulted in the interchange of similar ideas? Mr. Jastrow was himself reading Mark Twain's recital, and as he lifted his eyes from the page he saw on his desk a visiting-card bearing the name "W. H. Wright." This Mr. Wright was a gentleman Mr. Jastrow had met a few hours before, and whom he had not again seen. Had he not been reading the article the visiting-card would have had no significance, and "there would have been no coincidence to record." Yet the card incident is in its way as wonderful, perhaps, as Mark Twain's original story.

Then there is another consideration which the unbiassed student of mental telegraphy will not fail to note. We live in a mentally busy world, wherein the interchange of thoughts and ideas far exceeds that which was possible in the days of our fathers. So many more people to-day than in former epochs are thinking about similar things of common interest that coincidences of startling kind must rather be the rule than the exception with us. If we place them to the credit of mental telegraphy, we are facing a dead wall beyond which thought and research cannot proceed. If we admit the logic of coincidence, we have at least an open door that may lead us into a freer mental atmosphere beyond.

Finally comes the personal equation in the story. Is it possible to find two witnesses in a court of law, testifying to the same event, agreeing in every particular? I should say not; and, with allowance for the personal equation, for individual variations in observing-powers, and for other features on which correctness of testimony depends, we have to discount a good many details given in stories of mental telegraphy, as in recitals of allied kinds, dealing with alleged supernormal manifestations. The longer I live, the more firmly am I convinced that a source of error that may easily land one in the region of the incredible, in respect of stories weird and wonderful, is the habit of unconscious exaggeration which marks the progress and evolution of their details. "The cases," says Mr. Jastrow, "cannot be explained as they are recorded, because as recorded they do not furnish the essential points upon which the explanation hinges." These last words are worth remembering when next we listen to modern marvels.







## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce.* 1901. With nineteen Maps. By E. H. Parker. (London: John Murray. 8s. net.)
- A Year in China: 1899-1900.* Illustrated. By Clive Bigham, C.M.G. London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.
- Peking.* 1900. Illustrated. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. London: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 3s. 6d.
- The Whirligig.* By Mayne Lindsay. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.
- Tales that are Told.* By Mary and Jane Helen Findlater. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
- The Pasha.* By Daisy Hugh Pryce. (London: Allen. 6s.)
- Love the Laggard.* By R. S. Warren Bell. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
- A Dictionary of Architecture and Building.* By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Vol. I.—A to E. (London: Macmillan.)

Works on China, the Chinese people, and the Chinese problem continue to pour from the Press. Some are interesting and instructive, some neither interesting nor instructive, and the remainder, for the most part, merely records of the personal though sometimes amusing experiences of "explorers" who, in truth, are little more than excursionists. The three works now under review fortunately belong to the class that is at once interesting and instructive, and—what is more—entertaining. Perhaps Mr. Parker's bulky volume, "China," affords the heaviest reading of the three; but then it gives us the clearest and deepest insight into the true state of affairs at present existing in the Chinese Empire. The author is a well-known authority on all matters appertaining to China and the Celestial races, and, having spent some five-and-twenty years in the country, during which time he resided at a dozen or so of its principal ports, and travelled between seven and eight thousand miles in half-a-dozen provinces, besides officiating in the capacity of adviser on Chinese affairs to the Burma Government, he is eminently qualified to write upon this, perhaps the most important topic of the day. The recent "Boxer" revolt, what led up to it, and what will be its inevitable outcome, are all dealt with at length, and we are given, in addition, interesting information as to the military methods of the Chinese of fifty years ago, contrasted with the methods resorted to by the Chinese of to-day. Upon the whole, Mr. Parker, while admitting that "every Chinese woman is at heart a rake," entertains an even higher opinion of the Chinese as a nation than Sir Robert Hart himself does. Mr. Parker thinks both the men and the women not only appreciate kindness shown to them, but are extremely grateful for it; that the Chinese people are far from being cowards; and that their commercial integrity is quite extraordinary. On the other hand, his descriptions of some of the demoniacal acts of cruelty they are in the habit of practising are almost too horrible to read. "All these and many other things," he ends by telling us, "go to show that the Chinese are undoubtedly as low down as any nation in the scale of downright cruelty."

"A Year in China" is written altogether in a lighter vein, which perhaps is natural, as its author does not profess to pose as an authority on matters Chinese. He tells us frankly enough in his preface that the book only purports to be a record of his own personal experiences and impressions, gained during nearly eighteen months' stay in the Far East, part of which time he spent in travel, part in diplomacy, and part in fighting. High questions of statecraft, strategy, and finance he has purposely avoided, nor has he made any attempt to discuss the recent or to advise the future policy of the British or any other Government. Yet the book contains much that will interest persons acquainted with the country in which he travelled, and also some who are not. He saw a fair amount of fighting under Sir Claude MacDonald, likewise under Sir Edward Seymour; and his descriptions of several of the encounters are graphic. It is noticeable, however, that his opinion of the Chinese is almost opposed to the opinion held by Mr. Parker and Sir Robert Hart, a fact which shows once more that your casual traveller instinctively dislikes the Chinaman at the outset, and that he does not come to look upon him with favour until he himself has lived some years in the country, and so come to know him better. The photographs which which this work is embellished give the stranger who has never been in China an idea of what some of the places there look like—more than can be said of all photographs of strange cities and far-distant countries. It is only to be regretted that the author has not tried harder to avoid what may best be described as the "daily diary" style of writing.

All who wish to have a clear insight as to what actually occurred in Peking during the terrible siege there last year should procure "The Siege of Peking," by W. A. P. Martin, well known as the author of "The Cycle of Cathay." Here, I take it, we have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, instead of the fiction to which we have grown accustomed in works of this kind. Mr. Martin was present in person, and not merely in imagination, during the whole of that tremendous tragedy, and has here described in terse, clear-cut sentences exactly what he saw. He appears to have been especially impressed by the fortitude and resolution displayed by the women at a time when death, either by torture or starvation, or both, stared everybody in the face. Of the courage of many of the missionaries, of the Roman Catholic missionaries in particular, he cannot speak too highly, declaring, indeed,

that "the brilliant defence of the new cathedral by Monsignor Favier, aided by a band of forty brave marines—French, Italian, and Austrian—together with a disciplined force of native Christians, whereby the lives of three thousand converts who had taken refuge there were saved, forms the most brilliant page in the history of the siege."

Mr. Mayne Lindsay has not read Anthony Hope without profit. The story of "The Whirligig" reminds us of Mr. Hope's romances of Ruritania. As in them, there is an English traveller who bears a striking resemblance to a conspicuous public character in a German Principality. This time it is not the ruling Prince himself who has a double, but an intriguer against his peace, political and domestic. It is Mr. Bothfield's likeness to Count Gottfried von Incke that causes him to meddle quite involuntarily in the affairs of the little State called Amaro. Beginning as a timid, unassuming, and not particularly intelligent gentleman of middle age, he is speedily transformed into an ardent lover, a resolute plotter, and a reckless duellist. We follow his fortunes with considerable interest, for they are narrated briskly, and the narrative is greatly assisted by Mr. Greiffenhagen's spirited drawings. If there is any disappointment, it is that Gottfried von Incke, the villain of the piece, who has genius stamped on his evil countenance, shows so little of it in his actions. A man of genius, we imagine, would not stow compromising papers inside the lining of his best overcoat, especially when he proposes to wear that garment at his trial for treason. It is true that the amateur

eluded us altogether, but this, no doubt, is owing to our own crass stupidity. "Void of Understanding" is the sad and tragic story of a poor, half-witted little boy, and, told as it is with much sympathy and penetration, it is perhaps the best thing in the book.

Miss Daisy Hugh Pryce has again chosen the East as the setting for her new novel, but it is to be regretted that in so doing she has fallen more or less into the error of repetition. "The Pasha" of the present story, with his Oriental charm of manner and courteous chivalry united to an unbending will, is too reminiscent of the hero of "Valda Hanem," and the same remark applies somewhat to the respective heroines of the two books. Magdalen West is represented as a very charming, typical English girl, not without a little touch of that impetuosity which characterises the modern maid; and the book sets forth how she adapts herself to the strict régime of harem life—in what capacity the reader may learn for himself. It is doubtful whether all experiments of the same nature would prove as successful; but the author evidently holds a brief for the Turks, and considers they are a misjudged race. She does not, however, refrain from frequent allusions to the Armenian atrocities; but if there be any truth in the saying quoted: "One Jew can cheat ten Turks, but it takes ten Jews to cheat one Armenian," it would seem that the Armenians are not without their weapons of defence. It is not good construction to devote considerable space to a minute description of a character who is to meet with an untimely death in the second chapter; and this, combined with a general wordiness of style, lends to the book a certain amateurish touch which places it behind "Valda Hanem" in merit. In fact, it would scarcely rank higher than the vast average of unimportant novels were it not for its local colour, and the description (more or less based on actual experience, it would appear) of harem life in Turkey.

Mr. Warren Bell writes to amuse, and in "Love the Laggard" he does it with such systematic spontaneity (if one may so speak) that we could scarcely have failed to be aware of it, even without the well-meant but insistent solicitude of his publisher, who has certainly done his best to make error on this score impossible. "Love the Laggard" is, of course, pure farce, yet Mr. Bell contrives to maintain a healthy vein of sentiment, which, taken in conjunction with unlimited action, acts as ballast to a somewhat flimsy cargo. And in good sooth we may whisper that he needs it all: love lags so long by the way that Mr. Bell has, perforce, to go far afield for his matter. With the Church, the stage, and the aristocracy at his command, to say nothing of trade and art, he has no lack of material; and if his revelations are sometimes a little startling, they are not, on that account, less diverting. Solomon, were he here, might add another to his "things past finding out"—to wit, art editors and their ways. Surely editors who take unknown—but beauteous—damsels out to tea at the Cecil in the middle of a busy afternoon form a painfully small minority of their kind! Mr. Bell's story, as we have already hinted, is rather too long drawn out: sweet-stuff, it is well to remember, is apt to cloy.

From America we have received through the English publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, the first volume of "A Dictionary of Architecture and Building." It is edited by Mr. Russell Sturgis, and the contributors include a long list of well-known architects and archaeologists. Such a work was badly wanted, and being thoroughly well done, it is eminently a book of the "invaluable" category. If the chief characteristic of modern life is its complex restlessness, mingled inextricably with a love of the impossible, of its circumstances none is more notable than the perfect cataloguing of past knowledge and achievement. The air hurtles with encyclopædias, and most men of to-day

grow up amid a forest of compendiums. The articles in the book before us appear sound and scholarly, and unbiassed by extravagant theories. The definitions are clear and concise. (Compare, e.g., the definition of "Corbel Table"—a simple matter—with the careless statement made by Parker in defining a table. The illustrations are excellent, and we note that a full list is promised at the end of the third volume. We hope this will be supplemented by a complete list of all buildings referred to in the dictionary. The whole or part of a well-known building is described under some architectural term to explain its definition, while there is no cross-reference under the name of the building itself except where it is considered to have a name of its own "apart from geographic significance"—a distinction which is, to say the least of it, arbitrary. Thus we can turn up "Christ Church College" (the error of saying Christ Church "College" has crossed the Atlantic) but not "Ely Cathedral." That this work should reach us from America is significant. The day of the Mormon Temples, of the Smithsonian Institute, and of the State Capitol of Ohio, has gone by, and the bold vigour of Richardson, with a wide culture freely adapting all he knew to his own confident purpose, has paved the way for a great age of American architecture. A year or two ago we were present at a *déjeuner* on the Quai de Conti, when an American millionaire made a speech, in which he declared on behalf of his country, "we have got wealth, and now we mean to get art." The young American has undergone his *ἐκπαίδεια*, and is registered clearly upon the *ἡγεμονία* of the deme of Architecture.



"THERE THEY ARE: THE PROOFS."

Reproduced from "The Whirligig," by permission of Messrs. Ward and Lock.

detective in Edgar Allan Poe lays down the maxim that the surest hiding-place is under everybody's nose, for then nobody will see it. But in the present case, Mr. Bothfield, not an observant man, no sooner tries on the overcoat than he hears the papers crackling. There is a very good fight, in which Mr. Bothfield bears himself with dashing courage, but without science. He chancies to be lucky; but we fear he is not abreast of the times.

Apparently the Misses Findlater have made an exhaustive study of the *genus* old lady, and in "Tales that are Told" we are favoured with the results of their independent observation. We confess to finding the "Aunts" and "Graunts" rather tiresome after a time, and although their portraits are hit off accurately enough, we think the Misses Findlater would be wise to avoid "vain repetitions," and to restrain a little their too caustic pens, or some fine morning they may wake to find themselves confirmed cynics. To this composite volume Miss Jane Helen contributes but two of the half-dozen stories; but these have the—to our mind—supreme merit of ending happily, and are more genial and more brightly written than those for which her sister is responsible, though the similarity in style is, not unnaturally, somewhat marked; we incline to the opinion that both sisters require space for the full display of their undoubted talents—condensed, concentrated observation is obviously not the *forte* of either—nor are they gifted to any appreciable extent with that saving sense of humour indispensable to the perfect idyll. In "The Incident of Ellen Walker," Miss Mary has striven after subtlety to so much purpose that her meaning has



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## LADIES' PAGES.

There is a monotony about the dresses to describe this season that gives the fashion chronicler real distress. It is not so in reality, or at least not to the same degree, for the variations in detail are infinite, and black and white and grey and violet afford adequate variety to the eye. In evening dress particularly there is much charm. The glitter of sequins and jet is permitted, and the softness of lace and the glimmer of satin and the lightness of tulle and net all combine to form an attractive ensemble. Silver sequins worked heavily on white net, made up with a berthe of white lace over purple velvet, and similar velvet used for double narrow shoulder-straps constructed an effective gown I lately noticed. Handsome was a white satin with deep embroidery all down the front and round the skirt in a design of roses and foliage worked in white silk, with just a touch of pink in the heart of the blossoms and of green in the leaves, the gown having a black velvet double shoulder-strap with a trail of the same velvet twisted into a rope passing from the left side of the bust to the waist, and caught on with many diamond brooches. A double shoulder-strap, it may be as well to explain for my country readers, means one strap going right over the shoulder, and a second passing over the point of the shoulder or even quite at the top of the arm, a little sleeve of the dress material falling on the arm below the second shoulder-strap if liked, though some wear no sleeve at all, allowing the double straps over the shoulder to do the entire duty. Personally, I think that looks too undress, but it is a matter of taste. Some good gowns, on the contrary, have the sleeve, starting a few inches below the second strap, made to reach quite to the elbow, and finished there with a full frill. White lace gowns with a touch of black in the form of such shoulder-straps, and perhaps some motifs in black lace appliqué on the skirt, and very sparingly on the bodice, are excellent. The use of white lace on black, or vice-versa, is indeed always an effective notion.

White lace for evening wear should be supported on white chiffon: the good effect is doubled. It is worth remembering that one layer of chiffon does not show at all under lace, except by giving an indefinable transparency and lightness, and throwing up the pattern of the lace; the sleeve or berthe of lace that has just one layer of chiffon under it seems to be really unlined, so that in putting lace over satin or silk this little precaution should always be observed. But three thicknesses of chiffon form a visible foundation in themselves, and give lace a lovely effect. The use of coloured flowers is not considered out of place with black-and-white gowns this season, and in that way the colour that has fled from fashionable frocks themselves as a rule can be supplied. When the hair is dressed low, a complete wreath of small flowers is often worn over the top of the head; Banksia roses are specially popular for this use; or a green garland of rose or ivy leaves with a few bright blossoms introduced. With



LIGHT CANVAS COAT FOR ASCOT.

the loop on the top of the head that is still most worn in the evening, the flowers are placed at the left side; there, too, diamond ornaments chiefly are set.

A great quantity of jewellery is being worn in full dress this season. It is actually the fashion in Paris, and therefore it is becoming so here, to wear a large ring on every finger—two or three rings on some of the fingers! This obviously renders wearing gloves out of the question, and the smart Parisienne goes to dinner and the theatre gloveless just now. I noticed at the Criterion the other night that Miss Mary Moore had adopted this up-to-date whim, and wore a ring on every finger. It really looks very nice and brilliant. Rings are particularly satisfactory ornaments, inasmuch as one can enjoy the beauty of the gems oneself. Tiaras, brooches, necklets, and the rest one sees only with the imagination when they are decorating one's own person; but the fires of the opal and the sparkle of the diamond and the rich depths of the ruby's colour on the finger give genuine pleasure to the wearer. The fashionable ring of the hour is not the pointed "Marquise" shape, but either a round or a wide oblong shape, the latter usually consisting of three rows of gems. A round ring, such as a good ruby set with diamonds, looks particularly well on the forefinger. We have not yet adopted a thumb-ring, but perhaps we shall; why not? The signet-rings of the ancient Egyptians, I am told, were always worn on the thumb. Two centuries ago rings were worn outside the gloves, and that is the only alternative to being gloveless when so many rings are worn as at present.

To jewel lace seems at first rather like painting the lily, but it is a most attractive novelty. I have just inspected with the greatest interest an exhibition of this luxurious adornment, which is on view at the Quest Gallery, 172, New Bond Street. The exhibit is open free of charge (only for a week or two longer, though), and it is well worth seeing. It appears from a prettily illustrated booklet, presented to visitors, and which can be had by post in exchange for a visiting-card, that gem-set lace is not actually a novelty. Mrs. Nevill Jackson, whose writings on lace are well known, and who has prepared this booklet, tells us that both the gallants and the ladies of the gorgeous Italian Courts of the Renaissance wore lace sewn with pearls and precious stones. "In the time of Dante there is much talk of nets, scarves, sashes, mantles, and coverlets embroidered with gold and gems and trimmed with lace made with jewels and spun gold." Mrs. Nevill Jackson remarks that what Leonardo da Vinci painted, Titian

wore, and Benvenuto Cellini fashioned "may surely claim to be the acme of refined embellishment." It is certainly most charming. The lace used is, of course, of the best—filmy point d'Alençon or d'Argentan, rich

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Venetian rose point or dainty Brussels point—and the pearls, turquoises, rose diamonds, sapphires, opals, spinel rubies, or coral daintily set at intervals so as to accentuate the lace design, are a charming addition. Even a throatlet of it would be a most desirable possession; and there are some quite inexpensive butterflies in lace touched with jewels for the coiffure that are very pretty too. But how much is not that woman to be envied who has ordered three yards of lovely Brussels point to be set along with rose diamonds for her bodice-trimming?

Foulard is having extraordinary popularity this season. Every second well-dressed woman appears to be attired in it. That it comes in so well for half-mourning has a good deal to do with its vogue. The subdued tones appropriate to that state of mind are so much used by everybody pretending to be in society that a material lending itself so well to the purpose is sure to be accepted. Black and white and grey and all shades of heliotrope come out excellently in foulard. Then it is so light in weight, so supple for the swirling flounces of the moment, and in the satin-faced variety, which is really the only wear, it is so bright and gay of surface, no matter what its tone may be, that it is no wonder that this combination of advantages makes it highly appreciated. Any quantity of lace is put upon a foulard, and it is arranged in all imaginable ways. A satin-faced foulard with a running design of leaves in shades of grey had black lace laid across and across from waist to hem, so as to form large diamond-shapes. These were continued on the bodice to a yoke and chemisette of white pleated muslin trimmed with white Valenciennes. A white ground bearing a pattern in black and heliotrope zigzags had a deep flounce, which was itself tucked downwards for some six inches all round, so as to give the necessary fullness round the feet; a band of coarse lace laid over heliotrope peau-de-soie headed the flounce, and from this lines of lace over heliotrope ran up to the waist. On the bodice a wider band of lace of the same order made a yoke back and front, and continued down the centre of a pouched chemisette of the heliotrope, the foulard being prettily folded and trimmed with the narrower lace on either side, and at the back too. It is, in fact, impossible to use too much lace, provided it is applied with taste and symmetry.

Ascot gowns show that biscuit-colour is received into the circle of fashion as a possibility, and touches of turquoise blue are permitted to brighten it. A charming batiste dress in this tone, with a turquoise ribbon-belt fastened with a diamond buckle, and similar ribbon threaded through the lace that finished the collarless top of the bodice, was further decorated with medallions of biscuit-toned lace laid over blue satin all round the skirt and the edge of



A RACE-COAT IN BLACK GLACÉ.

the bolero. Another dress that will be admired is in the silky muslin called linon, of the biscuit tint, daintily painted in medallions with mauve flowers, the pouched bodice similarly treated at either side of a vest of filmy white lace laid upon chiffon. Then there was a white mousseline-de-soie gown with lace *à jour* over tan-coloured satin on the skirt, and on the bodice an edging of embroidery worked in many shades of brown, from the palest biscuit-colour to an almost orange shade, with a band of lace over tan satin placed beside the embroidery. A white muslin gown has a deep collar of Cluny lace drawn to the shape of the shoulders by a band of gold embroidery; the sleeves are of chiffon rucked with a band of the gold worked down the centre of the arms. String-coloured lace trimmed with bands of white net embroidered with a floral design, narrow at the waist and wider near the flounce that forms the foot, and having a transparent lace yoke drawn into a deep shaped piece of the embroidered net, is very pretty. With such lace gowns a black hat is most *chic*, and a black velvet bow under the brim appears on many of the white or the burnt-straw hats, or the tulle or drawn chiffon toques in light tones, when these are preferred. Bonnets are so out of fashion, even for elderly women, as to be quite peculiar in effect when seen.

Our Illustrations show two smart Ascot dust-coats. The one in black glacé is decorated with black lace laid over white, while black chiffon lends its aid as the frilling to collar and cuffs. The hat to be worn with that coat is of drawn chiffon trimmed with roses. The other dust-coat is in biscuit-coloured canvas trimmed with bands and motifs of white lace; and the hat worn with it is again of chiffon decorated with roses and plumes. A black net gown is seen under the coat in front.

Ranelagh witnessed a really brilliant display of ladies' riding at the sports the other day. Some of the leading American Society women are making a great effort to introduce cross-saddle riding for ladies, and a polo club on those conditions has been formed, with Mrs. Astor and other wealthy and popular ladies in its membership. Mrs. Macbeth, the wife of the well-known artist, at one time endeavoured to set such a fashion in England; and Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) and most other noted women travellers who have made long and fatiguing journeys in uncivilised lands have adopted a dual garment and the cross-saddle position on the score of their greater safety and convenience. It is obvious that this position must be less tiring when riding has to be continued throughout a long day and on one day after another. But the riding at Ranelagh proved that ladies can do all that they may need or wish in ordinary civilised life with the side seat. Prizes were offered for tilting at the ring and similar feats; and the horsemanship was splendid. It was not a surprise that the chief honours of the day fell to an Irishwoman, Miss Kathleen Byass, who was on the best of terms with her pretty horse; but Mrs. R. B. Glover, Mrs. Stroyan, and many other ladies gave capital displays of feminine skill as riders.

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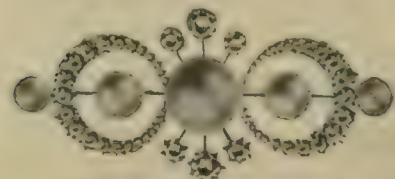
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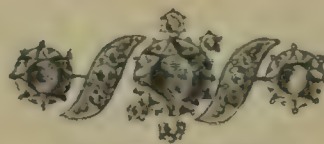
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## THE DYMOKE SUIT OF ARMOUR.

The sixteenth-century suit of armour presented to the King on June 13 by a number of gentlemen, headed by the Duke of Marlborough, was worn at the coronation of King George I. by the Champion, Dymoke, whose fee it became after the ceremony. The suit was made for Sir Christopher Hatton, and is the work of the armourer Jacobi. The breastplate, of markedly peasecod form, is of great size, with two laminated plates at the bottom, and on the left-hand side five staples for the attachment of the lance-rest. The decoration of the breastplate is of great interest, as at the top of the centre band is the crowned reverse cipher "EJ" (Elizabeth), no doubt in compliment to the Queen; above the monogram is a strapwork panel, containing the figure of Mercury; at the base of the breastplate is an oblong cartouche, with the date 1585. The same theme of ornament is repeated on the backplate. The legs are small in comparison with the rest of the suit, the cuisses short and composed of three plates, knee-pieces, jambs with laminated ancles, and square-toed sollerets. The helmet, with slightly roped comb, opens down the centre of the chin-piece; the vizor and beaver are in two plates with triple ocularium, and longitudinal piercings for breathing purposes in the beaver. The armour is particularly fine in every way, and it is unfortunate that a photograph cannot do it the justice it deserves. It was purchased by the presentation committee from Mr. Davis, the well-known art-dealer, of 147, New Bond Street, W.

## MUSIC.

## THE ROYAL OPERA.

At the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, the principal event during the past week was the reappearance of Signor Tamagno in "Otello" on Saturday, June 15. The performance had been postponed from the previous Wednesday on account of Signor Tamagno's indisposition. It is several seasons since the celebrated tenor has sung in London, and it is pleasant to note that his voice is almost unimpaired by time. He is an ideal Othello, not only as conceived by Verdi, but as Shakspeare created him. His vitality, strength, and rare enthusiasm carry him through the part. He plays with a very whirlwind of passion, jealousy, and rage. At first his notes sounded a little uncertain; but as the drama unfolded, he became perfect master of his voice, and in the scenes with Iago, and in the final death-scene, the Italian tenor was alike a perfect singer and a perfect actor. Signor Mancinelli conducted, and infected (as he always does) his orchestra with his spirit of perfect understanding.

On Friday, June 14, the interest of the performance of "Die Meistersinger" centred in Fräulein Fritz Scheff, who sang the music of the heroine, Eva. Otherwise the performance was a replica of the previous one.

The week began with a very good performance of "Lohengrin," Elsa being played by Fräulein Ternina,

Herr Knote appearing as Lohengrin, Miss Marie Brema as Ortrud, and Herr Van Rooy as Telramund.

M. Ysaye and Signor Busoni gave a delightful concert, or rather a violin and pianoforte recital, at the Queen's Hall on Thursday, June 13. They played the interesting Sonata in A for violin and pianoforte of César Franck. It certainly is a work that grows on one after hearing it once or twice.

Mr. Francis Korbay gave a concert on the afternoon of June 14 at the St. James's Hall, and a great many talented artists contributed to a very attractive programme. Mr. Korbay's own matchless songs, five of them, were sung by one of his old pupils, Mr. Plunket Greene, accompanied by himself.

Madame Patti made her only appearance for this season at the Albert Hall on June 15. The prima donna delighted a great audience with many favourite airs, such as "Casta Diva," "Angels ever bright and fair," "Batti, Batti," and, of course, "Home, Sweet Home." The other performers were Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Ben Davies, and Herr Verbruggen, who acquitted themselves with their accustomed skill. M. I. H.

The Great Western Railway Company have issued a pamphlet containing lists of farmhouses, seaside and country lodgings, hotels and boarding-houses in the districts served by the line, including Jersey and Guernsey. The pamphlet also contains an illustrated list of golf links.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1893) of Mr. John Deacon, of Mabledon, near Tonbridge, of the banking firm of Williams Deacon and the Manchester and Salford Bank, Birch Lane, who died on March 13, was proved on June 6 by John Francis William Deacon, the son, and William Samuel Deacon, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £389,168. He gives £10,000, and his furniture and live and dead stock to his wife: £25,000, and 1000 shares in the bank to his son; the freehold premises, Ormonde Lodge, Southborough, to his daughters Lucy Jane Sophia and Beatrice Anna; £500 to his nephew, William Francis Courthope; £100 each to his brother and his wife, his sisters and brothers-in-law, and his wife's brothers and sisters; £500 each to his executors; £200 each to Ruth Harriett Wade, Frank Collett Carr, Alice Maud Sherbrooke, Katherine Maud Smith, Alexander B. Leslie Melville, John Nathaniel Williams, Margaret Lucy Packe, Henry John Randall Marston, Arthur John Ramsden, and Henry Arthur Courthope; and legacies to clerks, messengers, and porters at the bank. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life, and at her decease as to £25,000 each to his two daughters, and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will of Mr. Louis Schott, of 4, Bank Buildings, Lothbury, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on June 1 by Louis Ferdinand Floersheim, Gustav Ellissen, and Carl

Derenburg, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £341,747. The testator gives his estate called Penny Hill Park, Bagshot, to Walter Alfred Julius Floersheim, Cecil Louis Ferdinand Floersheim, and Ethel Louise Caroline Pauline Floersheim. He also gives £15,000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Mrs. Philip Schott, for life, and then for her children by his brother Philip; £500 to the Royal Albert Orphanage, Bagshot; £500 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; £5000 to Charles Klein; £500 each to Gustav Ellissen and Carl Derenburg; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Flora Bouvens van der Boijen, for life, and then for her sons Richard, Louis, and Otto.

The will of Mr. John Tremayne, J.P., M.P. East Cornwall 1874-80, and South Devon 1884-85, of Heligan, Cornwall, and of Sydenham, Devon, has been proved by his widow, the Hon. Mary Charlotte Martha Tremayne, daughter of the second Baron Vivian, and his friends Colonel the Hon. Charles Cavendish George Byng and Francis John Hext, the executors and trustees thereof. The testator gives the Sydenham estate to his widow, and afterwards to his unmarried daughters for their respective lives, and ultimately on the death of the survivor to fall into and go with his residuary real estate. He directs that his widow and unmarried daughters shall have the right to occupy his mansion house of Sydenham, and that his widow shall receive an annuity made up with her marriage

jointure and the rents of the Sydenham Estate to £3500, and that afterwards his two unmarried daughters and the survivor shall receive an annuity of £2500. Subject to the annuities, the testator devises all the rest of his real estate and tithes to his trustees, upon trust, for his only son, John Claude Lewis Tremayne, with remainders over in favour of his issue, and failing such issue, then, upon trust, for the testator's daughters and their issue as tenants in tail. All jewellery, plate, furniture, pictures, and effects at Heligan and Sydenham he gives to his widow absolutely, and also the following legacies—namely, to his widow £500; to Colonel the Hon. C. C. G. Byng £100; to his old servant, Samuel Gillard £100; to his housekeeper, Joanna Pearce, £20, and to each of his three daughters £8000. All the residue of his personal estate, subject to the payment of the legacies and debts, etc., the testator gives to his son absolutely. The gross value of the estate has been sworn at £137,679 19s. 2d.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1899) of Mr. Edward Ernest Bowen, of The Grove, Harrow, senior assistant master at Harrow School, who died on April 8, was proved on June 7 by the Hon. and Rev. William Edward Bowen, the nephew, and Charles Colbeck, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,016. The testator bequeaths £10,000, his house, with the furniture, etc., at Totland, Isle of Wight, and his interest in the lands and premises in Mayo to his nephew William Edward; £5000 to his niece Ethel Kate Wedgwood; £300 to his cousin Margaret Syngé; £5000 to his

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nephew the Hon. Maxwell Steele Bowen; £100 each to the Rev. George Bowen and the Rev. Andrew Wood; £200 to Charles Colbeck; and legacies to servants. His shares in the Harrow School Laundry, the Harrow Park Trust, and the Harrow Electric Light Company are to be offered to the assistant masters at Harrow at such a reasonable price as the school Bursar shall think reasonable, and he gives to the Bursar £25 for his trouble. His books, furniture, and personal articles are to be distributed among his near relatives and friends and old pupils and masters. He gives his houses and lands at Roxeth, near Harrow, his residence, The Grove, and the residue of his property to the Governors of Harrow School for the benefit of the school.

The will (dated March 23, 1901) of Dr. James Compton Burnett, of 20, The Drive, Hove, and 86, Wimpole Street, who died on April 2, was proved on May 28 by Mrs. Katherine Burnett, the widow, and Worsfold Nowell, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,166. The

testator gives and devises certain lands, farms, and premises at Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, to his seven children. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children by her in equal shares.

The "Museum in Parvo Illustrated Pocket Guide," published by authority of the Great Central Railway, gives descriptions and illustrations of the chief health and holiday resorts on the Great Central Railway. The book contains views and descriptions of Brackley, Lutterworth, Loughborough, Sheffield, Worksop, Cleethorpes, Lincoln, Chester, Liverpool, Southport and Blackpool, Welbeck Abbey, Lincoln Castle, and the gigantic wheel at Blackpool. Copies of the "Guide" will be forwarded, post free, on application to the Station-Master, G.C.R., Marylebone Station, London, N.W., or the Superintendent of the Line, London Road Station, Manchester.

# ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury visited Wakefield this week and laid the foundation-stone of the new choir transept of the fine parish church, which is being developed into a Cathedral in memory of Bishop How. Dr. Temple has been preaching almost every Sunday for several months, and it has been remarked that his addresses were never brighter or more original. At the anniversary of St. Gabriel's College, Kennington, he warned the clergy that a stale sermon was an ineffective sermon. He objected to old sermons, because after a time they became stale to the preacher, and much more so to the congregation. The aged Archbishop himself takes the trouble to prepare an entirely fresh speech or sermon for every separate engagement.

The Bishop of Exeter preached a striking sermon at the induction of the Rev. W. M. Smith-Dorrien as Vicar of Crediton. He dwelt on the heavy responsibility that rests

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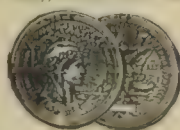
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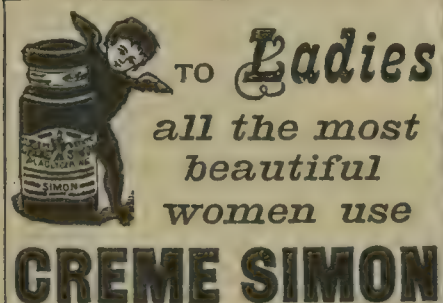
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upon a country clergyman as compared with his brother in the towns. In a great city the finger of scorn is pointed at the man who has lowered himself in the eyes of the community, but in a country place things are often done which are put on one side, forgotten, or covered over. The Bishop urged that the incumbents of rural parishes should not give way to their own private fancies in ritual or introduce exaggerations arising from personal feeling.

The new Dean of Christ Church, whose appointment has been received with much satisfaction in the University, expects to go into residence at the end of September. The Deanery is worth £3000 a year, with a beautiful house and garden.

Canon Moore Ede has taken a touching farewell of his parishioners at Gateshead. He is removing to Whitburn, a lighter charge, although, as he says, no sinecure. He

feels that a younger man is needed to keep pace with the enormous growth of Gateshead, and to bring new energy and new methods to the leadership of the parish.

The Bishop of St. Albans has returned from Italy in much improved health, and is now able to resume his duties. His doctor will not, however, allow him to undertake the full amount of work to which he has been accustomed; but as the diocese has the assistance of two Suffragan Bishops, Church work will not suffer on this account.

Many more people are taking interest in the religious welfare of our sailors since Mr. Frank T. Bullen wrote "With Christ at Sea," and the latest evidence of this is the placing of prayer-books on board nearly two hundred merchant-vessels, with a view to promoting Sunday worship by the crews. The S.P.C.K. has given the

books, and the Mission to Seamen has carried the arrangements through.

We regret very much an unfortunate error in a paragraph which appeared in this column on June 8. The Dean of Bristol is, of course, Dr. Pigou; and Mrs. Browne is wife of the Bishop of Bristol.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway announce the running of a special service from London to Dieppe every Saturday afternoon from July 6 to Sept. 14, the departure from their Victoria Station being fixed for one o'clock, with return from Dieppe to London on the following Monday morning, the boat leaving Dieppe at 8 a.m. The return fare by the new service is fixed at 30s. first class, and the tickets provide for return by the Monday morning special service, and other ordinary trains.

Photography has in recent years been improved to such an extent that we are now accustomed to regard photographic pictures which ten years or so ago would have been impossible to obtain, with indifference, the frequency with which such pictures now are seen discounting their value in our eyes. It is a comparatively easy thing to take quick-moving pictures in a very small size, such, for instance, as those which, shown in rapid succession by the cinematograph, are so vivid in reality as to give one the impression of actual life. These pictures are extremely small, and their surface is about as large as that of a penny piece. If one wants, however, to take a quick-moving object, such as a jumping horse, on a larger scale—say on a quarter or half-plate—one will find that the difficulties are many, and that the skill of the camera constructor is heavily taxed to provide an efficient instrument. The little picture we give herewith is a reduction from a half-plate photograph. Such a jump is, of course, a very rapid movement, and with only the best cameras is it possible to get so excellent a photograph. Only a shutter with an enormous high speed will render such quickly moving objects absolutely sharp, and many readers of *The Illustrated London News* will certainly be interested to learn that the only camera with which such wonderful results can be obtained is the Goerz Anschütz Folding Camera.

### A FINE JUMP.



This camera is provided with all the latest improvements in photography, and its shutter, giving up to 1/1000 sec. exposures, is an invention of the well-known pioneer in instantaneous photography, Otto-mär Anschütz. The camera is fitted with one of the famous Goerz Double Anastigmats, which have such a world-spread reputation, and are known as the best photographic lenses in the market. As the Goerz Anschütz Folding Camera, in the quarter-plate or 5 by 4 sizes, is a very compact and light camera, which can be used with plates, films, or daylight loading films, just to one's liking, it is no doubt the best camera an amateur or touring photographer can wish to possess, especially as the use of it is not by any means confined to one class of work, but groups, landscapes, portraits, and architectural work can be successfully undertaken. The fine definition of the Goerz Double Anastigmats was most strikingly shown in an enlargement exhibited lately at the London Stereoscopic Co.'s, 106, Regent St., W., and which, although 7 ft. long, was made from a 5 by 4 original and showed the most critical details. The Optical Works of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., or the above-mentioned West-End Agents, hold at the disposal of our readers interested in photography a most splendidly illustrated booklet, which will be sent free of charge if the applications for the same are addressed to Department "I."

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**"SOUTHALLS"**

6d. to 2/- per Packet of a dozen.

**Southalls' Accouchement Sets** at 10/6 each.  
Larger and more complete Outfits, 21/- each.

**Southalls' Sanitary Sheets for Accouchement** In Three Sizes at 1/-, 2/- & 2/6.

Sold by Ladies' Underclothing Houses, Drapers and Chemists everywhere.

A sample packet, containing three size 0, and one each size 1, 2 and 4, Towels, will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

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The Books are given for the following Collections of Wrappers and Weight Labels—

Representing 5 lbs. LEMCO } —Beeton's 7/6 Household Management.  
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### WRAPPERS WHICH QUALIFY—

Only those round jars of the genuine Liebig Company's Extract with a seal label "LEMCO" at the top and signed in blue across the front

*J. Liebig*

The wrappers are printed on thick buff-coloured paper, and weight labels are on the top of each cork.

Remove the weight label from cork and paste it on wrapper before sending in. Wrappers without cork labels, or cork labels without wrappers will not qualify. Halves of wrappers or cork labels are not eligible, nor are 1 oz. or ½ oz. jars.

Wrappers, &c., must be sent in between Nov. 20 and 30, to LEMCO COOKERY BOOK OFFICE, 9, FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

**LEMCO is LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

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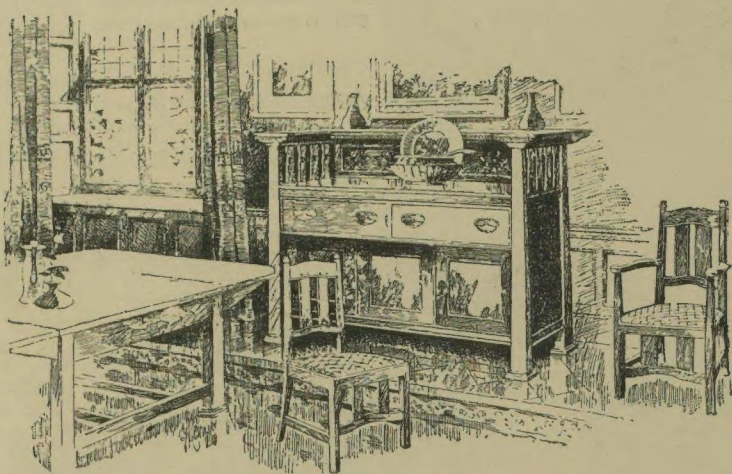


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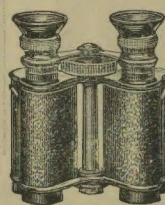
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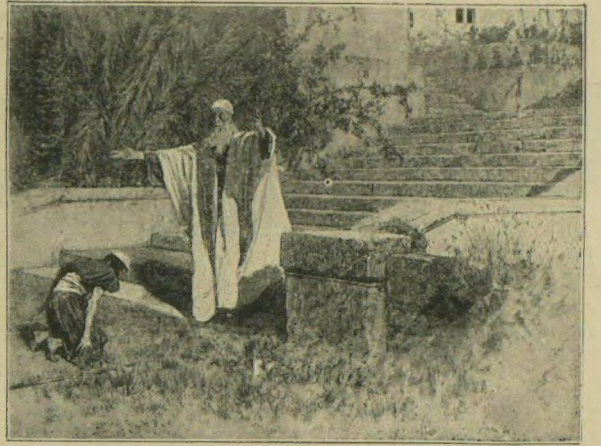
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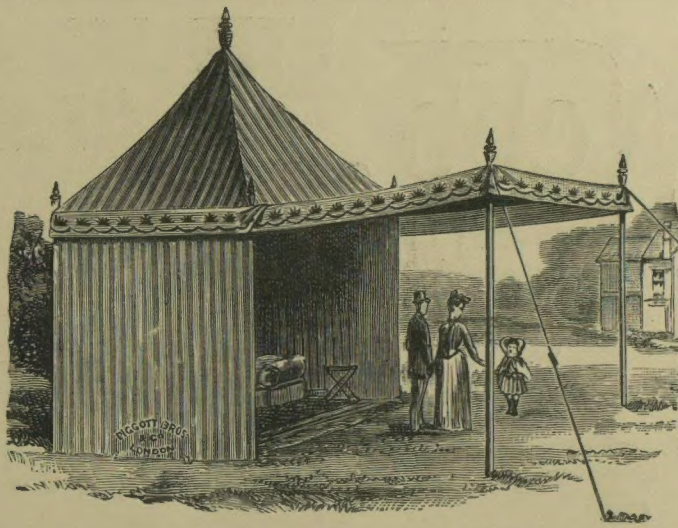
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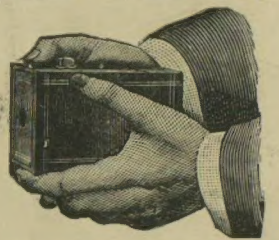
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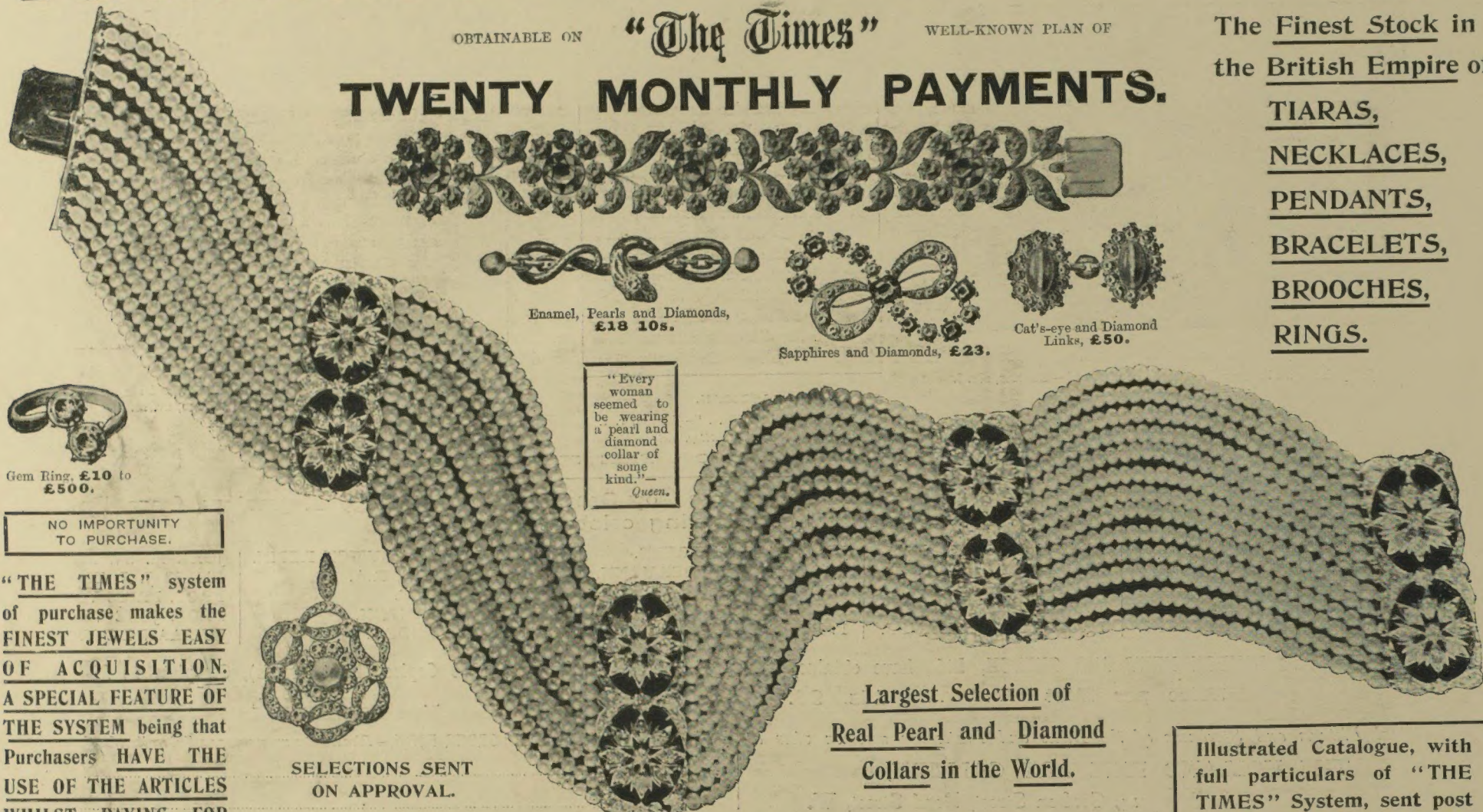
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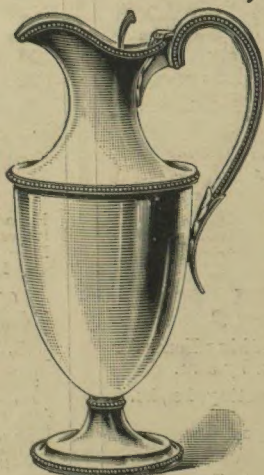
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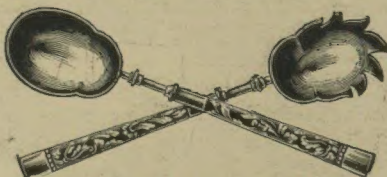
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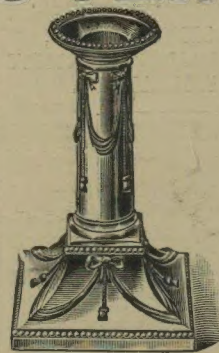
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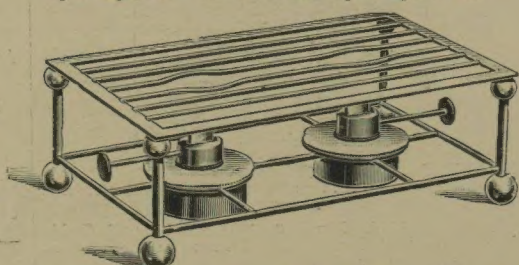
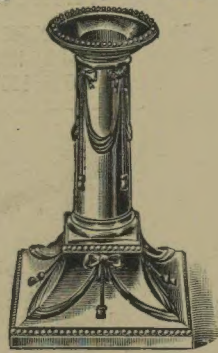
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